

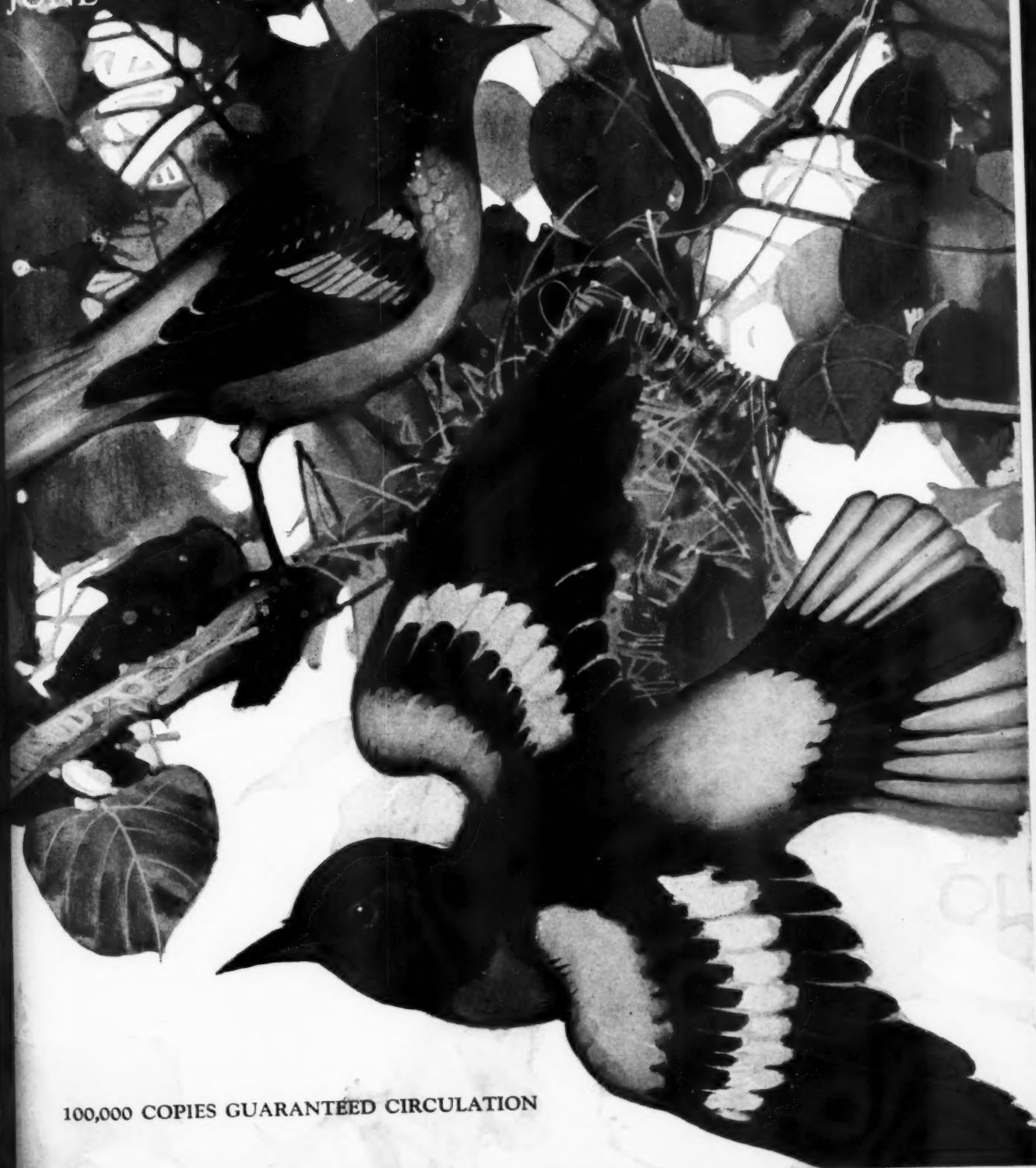
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The American Girl

JUNE

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

1938



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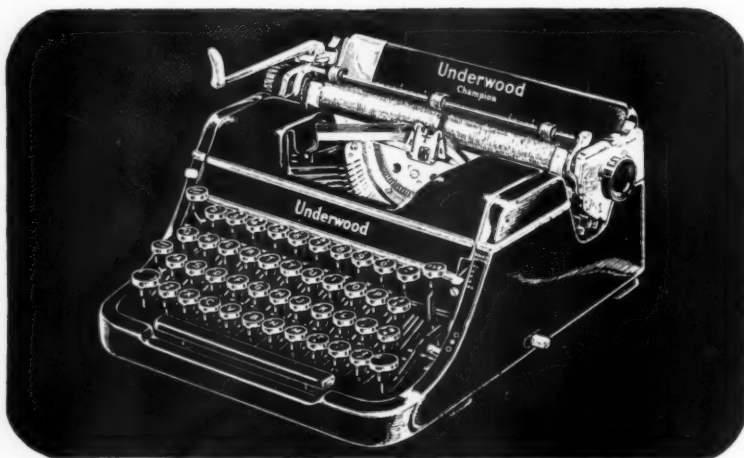
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

VI—WITH SUMMER FLOWERS

Painted
by
ARTHUR
B.
DAVIES

*For biographical note
about the artist, see page
50 of the April issue*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JUNE • 1938

HAPPY ACRES

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

Illustrated by
EDWARD RYAN



MARTHA

MARTHA was the oldest of the four McGrail children who were waiting in the sitting room of their ranch house this windy night in April. She was a little past seventeen. Her tanned face was smooth and oval, and her dark gray eyes had a depth of anxious mothering in them.

They were waiting for their father to return from Denver, a hundred and thirty miles away. He had driven up in a neighbor's truck to buy and bring back some sheep.

Strange, the sounds one hears in the wind at night. Eleven-year-old Dakie had said over and over, "Listen, that sounds like a truck!" He would hurry to the window, press his face tight against the pane, and stare out toward the spot where he knew the road came down the prairie hill to the east. But he'd finally turn back, his nose whitely flattened, and mutter, "No, I guess it was just the wind rattling the bucket on the pump."

Time and again Chatty had hurriedly clacked her crutches across the room and thrown open the door, with a "There's Father now, I bet!" and Dakie would crowd up beside her at the door, and little Tom would slide off Martha's lap and push in between them, crying "I want to see him, too!" Everyone would listen, but they would hear only the wind, half mournful, half boisterous, and the restless laments of a ruffled pigeon from the barn roof, or the bawl of their cow, Pearl, for her spotted calf; and Chatty would shut the door and say with the flatness of disappointment, "I thought sure I heard him laugh."

Now small Tommy climbed into Martha's lap, his blue eyes misty with sleep. Martha loosened his shoes, pulled them off. Chatty hobbled over and turned his overall pocket inside out.

"I knew he had something dead, to smell so terrible," she sniffed as some dried-up minnows fell to the floor. Tommy's pockets were apt to hold almost anything. Chatty threw the

dead fish out of the door, stood there, listening. "No wonder Mother had a bad heart," she muttered crossly, "always waiting for Father. I surely hate to wait for somebody. I'll bet those biscuits we saved him will be hard-tack."

Dakie's dark eyes turned to Martha's. "Was that why Mother died—because her heart was bad from always waiting for Father and worrying for fear something had happened to him?"

"No, not exactly," Martha answered, tucking a knitted shawl around Tommy—the room had chilled with so much opening of the door, and Tommy had been coughing all spring. "It was just that she got awfully sick and her heart wasn't strong enough. The doctor said she had a tired heart." Martha put out her free hand and softly pushed back Dakie's hair. Their mother had died two years ago, when Dakin

had been between eight and nine, yet sometimes it seemed to Martha that Dakie missed his mother and grieved for her more than any of them did.

Dakie was so dear. He had brown eyes and a wide, yet shy smile, and an eager-to-please way about him. Dakie liked everyone and everyone liked Dakie. During that tumbleweed existence they had led before they came to this small ranch, it was Dakie who made friends in every city. Here on this land, which their mother

called Happy Acres, Dakie had been the first to make friends with the mailman, the store keeper in town, their neighbors.

He was the only one of the children who had his mother's talent for music. He played the violin with a rare and loving touch. He never had to be urged to play. He even went out of his way to lug his violin around and play it—for a half-blind little Mexican girl, for the store keeper at his birthday party. This evening Dakie was unusually dressed up because he had been in to the town of Antelope, a mile and a half away, to play for Mrs. Henry Dittmar and the Treble Clef Club that she was entertaining. He had murmured sev-



CHATTY

The first installment of a delightful serial by the popular author of the tales about Em and Kip, and that memorable story, "The Heedless Haydens"

eral times, "I *would* have had time to wait till they served the ice cream, but I thought sure Daddy would be here with the sheep."

Martha rocked on with Tommy on her lap and thought of the many times her mother had waited their father's coming. He was an aviator. He had flown in the war. There had been years of barnstorming in little towns; a two-year stretch of commercial flying in Chicago. Then, in San Francisco, he had been connected with a shipping company whose officials made quick flights up the mainland, down the mainland. There had been days of sharp worry over a San Francisco to Honolulu hop. Maybe so much waiting *had* had something to do with Mother's "tired heart."

Yet she had never seemed to have a heart that tired. She was always so full of dreams and plans. Hadn't they planned this Happy Acres home, long, long before they came here? This place had been left their father by his grandfather—oh, eight years ago, Martha counted. But always when Mother said, "Let's go out to our ranch in Colorado and raise sheep," Father would put her off. "We can't just yet—but in the spring, when I finish up this contract—" Or maybe it would be, "I've got a chance to make good money stunt-flying this summer, but this fall maybe—"

Then, three years ago, Chatty, the tomboy, had been thrown from a pony belonging to a friend of hers. Ten weeks in a hospital. She had come home to their upstairs apartment, gray-faced, bewildered. Mother had said desperately, "John, we've got to move to the farm. We're all hungry for dirt under our feet, and for neighbors. And for seeing birds learning to fly, and the bulbs you plant in the fall pushing up in the spring. I'm not the tumbleweed kind. A family needs to put down its roots. And now with Chatty—" her voice broke.

Father had quoted no "maybes" this time. He had looked at Chatty and the bulging lump of plaster cast on her leg. "All right, Mattie," he had said. "We'll go."

So they had come to this rundown ranch, with what Mother called its "house-and-a-half." It obviously was the joining together of a small rectangular house to a larger rectangular house. "Just hitched together—like a big horse and a little one," Chatty said.

The two houses were "hitched together" by a roofed-over but not enclosed entryway, or a "between-way," as they called it. This entryway had been a dreary spot when the McGrails had arrived three years ago. The tenant had kept there a water-soaked washing machine, and wringers and buckets and broken bits of machinery, and gunny sacks leaking out grain or cement.

Mother had copied the patios in California and put in a brick floor, coaxed vines up the wall, put out gay chairs. In summer it was lovely, a sort of between-way resting place from that part of the house which was a kitchen big enough to cook and eat in, a pantry, and a room in which Mrs. Gunnage, the housekeeper, slept—to the front part of the house which



was living room and bedrooms. In winter this between-way was at best a shivery five steps out of the warm kitchen into rooms that never seemed so warm.

"Such an absent-minded house," Mother had said. "I don't believe it's sure which is the back door and which is the front—or just what to do about it. And I blame that big barn for giving it an inferiority complex."

The house had had things done to it—more or less haphazard things. Evidently to please the whim of some flower-loving woman, the south window in the living room had been cut larger and a window seat built under it. Mother, too, had done intimate things to the house—extra windows cut in the bedrooms, bookshelves here and there, wall brackets for lamps.

CHATTY said now, "The cherry trees Mother planted are all ready to pop out into bloom."

Dakie's eyes filled with tears. "The lilies of the valley that she planted are coming up—oh, three times as many as when she planted them. I wish she could see them."

A tall, spare woman with high cheek bones and near-sighted, pale eyes had come into the room, wiping her hands on her limp apron. She put in curtly, "She worked herself to death—that's what she did—getting this place fixed up."

The children scarcely heard her, or heeded her. They were used to Mrs. Gunnage's wet-blanket remarks.



"WE HAVE SUCH FINICKY STUFF TO EAT AT OUR HOUSE," LAMENTED HANK. "NEVER ANYTHING IN ITS NATURAL STATE"

The small boy stirred in Martha's arms and she changed his position.

"I wouldn't sit there holding him," said Mrs. Gunnage. "He can't rest good, all cramped up like that."

"He's not cramped up," contradicted Chatty. "You sit and hold him hours at a time."

Martha shook her head warningly at Chatty. Mrs. Gunnage was jealous of any one else mothering Tommy. When Tommy was born she had taken care of their mother; she had stayed on and taken care of Tommy; had stayed on and on, supposedly as a housekeeper for them even though Mr. McGrail had explained that they couldn't pay her wages. She worked beyond her strength on non-essentials like washing rag rugs, ironing sheets which had whipped smooth and fragrant in the wind, and then complained of a "goneness" in her back. But her cooking was the most exasperating. Her food all had a pale gray taste. Yet, because she was devoted to "little Tommy Tucker," they all bore with her except Chatty. There was always a bickering antagonism between them. Over and over Mrs. Gunnage had declared she wouldn't stand Chatty's sass, that she was leaving—but she stayed on.

Tommy reached a hand up to Martha's cheek, muttered drowsily, "Motha."

"I don't know why he should call *you* Mother, when I've always been the one to do for him," complained Mrs. Gunnage.

"It's the way he says 'Martha,'" the girl explained.

The wind blew on and on. Finally Mrs. Gunnage, muttering about how gone her back was, went off to bed. Chatty clacked across the room to the door again—only to slam it in disappointment.

Chatty was a brown gamin of a girl in spite of her crutches. She wasn't the kind who did "sit-still" things like knitting, or making scrapbooks. Whenever she mended anything her stitches were big and puckery. She had grown adept with her crutches, though she took out her temper and her antagonism on the wooden pieces so necessary to her. She had broken two crutches already. The right one she was using now had been patched and riveted together. Often Martha came across her sputtering and sobbing in anger, "These pesky old chunks of wood!"

Some one rattled at the door. Before Chatty could reach it, the door was shoved open and a tall boy with reddish hair pushed in on a gust of wind.

"Whew!" he panted. "Take these quick—my hands are nearly frozen—and reach in this pocket and grab that one out before it melts. Gosh, it *has* melted, hasn't it? And this is my best suit—what'll she say now?"

Chatty hurried to take some molded ice cream forms from his hands, and fished a dripping one from his pocket.

"I started out with them in a sack," he admitted, "but the bottom got wet and dropped out."

Dakie said, "Aren't they classy? They're harps and birds—Muriel told me about them."

"You must have dropped this one, Hank—it looks like a crow that some one hit with a rock," reproached Chatty. "You must have stepped on it."

"I didn't step on it—and it's a nightingale," corrected Hank.

THIS was young Henry Dittmar. Mrs. Dittmar, who was his stepmother, called him Henry, Junior. His father was the leading banker, lawyer, and real estate man in the town of Antelope, a mile and a half distant. Mrs. Dittmar was something of a dictator, perhaps because the large Dittmar house was the only one in this prairie country with polished floors and a tiled bath, perhaps because Mrs. Dittmar and her own daughter Muriel wore clothes purchased in exclusive shops in the city while other prairie folks ordered their clothes from catalogs, or made them at home.

Mrs. Dittmar had tried in vain to make her stepson over, but he remained "Hank"—a clumsy, friendly seventeen-year-old who loved farming. He was planning on farming a fifty-acre field of the McGrails on shares, though Mrs. Dittmar scoffed at such a foolish whim. Henry's place, she said, was in the bank with his father.

Martha had dampened a corner of a towel. She wiped Hank's dripping fingers with it, sponged out his damp, vanilla-smelling pocket.

"My goodness, did you walk? Why didn't you take the car?" asked Chatty.

"It isn't so far if you cut across the sand creek and the bottom land. The missus wanted the car to take some of the Treble Cleffers home."

Chatty said with discerning bluntness, "You mean you snatched the ice cream and sneaked off?"

"No, I didn't sneak it, Miss Chatty Crab," Hank

defended. "I counted noses and there were some extra; and besides *she*—" Hank always referred to his stepmother as the "missus" or "she"—"wanted Dakie to have one. She was sorry he had to leave early."

Martha was putting the ice cream into saucers. "You're so nice, Hank, to bring them."

"Oh, she'd want Dakie to have one all right," said Chatty. "Dakie's her Infant Prodigy!" And then, "I don't see why she wants to take Dakie. She's always talking about him and making over him and trying to lure him away from us. She's got Muriel of her own and you—you're sort of half hers."

Hank grinned ruefully. "I'm a thorn in her flesh. Muriel is musical and cultured and has parlor manners, and I—well, if there's anything to trip on, or knock over—and there's plenty in that house—I'm the tripper-on and the knocker-over. Gee, that harp *is* kind of bashed in!"

"I thought it was a washboard," Dakie said soberly.

"I'll take it," said Martha. "Here, Tommy, you take this bird." She put him on the window seat with the saucer of ice cream on his lap. "Chatty, eat your meadow lark or nightingale before it melts."

Chatty's hands were shaking. (Continued on page 49)

THEIR FATHER HELD THE LANTERN HIGH SO THAT ITS LIGHT FELL ON THE BLACK SHEEP HUDDLED IN THE SHED. "THERE!" HE EXCLAIMED WITH PRIDE, "DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING HALF SO HANDSOME?"





PATTY SAT DOWN ON THE EDGE OF THE TABLE, LOOKING PUZZLED AT WHAT ADDIE HAD SAID

Illustrated by W. L. VAN GUNDY

THE MOON AND THE STARS, TOO

Addie longed to be on comradely terms with the other girls at school, but, in reaching for the moon, she forgot about the stars

By ELEANOR HULL

It wasn't just the clothes, she knew; it wasn't just that there was nothing striking about her light brown hair and her round brown eyes and her tanned brown skin. It was more that she never talked to anyone—but what was there to talk about? If she could once get started, get them interested in her! She laid her square brown hands tensely on the box. This was her trump card. This would show the girls that she was worth knowing.

The door seemed to blow open as Patty Perkins came in. Patty had apricot cheeks and red hair, and she breezed along like an eternal April.

"Hi, Addie," Patty said, sitting down across the table from her. "Cheerio, and what not!"

Addie felt silly. "Cheerio and what not!" What could you say to a thing like that? "Hello," she said shortly. She wished Janet and Lynn would get there, so she could show the contents of the box to all of them. These three tablemates of hers in biology were the nicest girls in Hillyer Hall, Addie thought. Patty, Janet, and Lynn—if she could get them to like her, how happy she would be! But it was difficult! So difficult!

The Town Girls began drifting in, seated themselves at their tables, tossed desultory conversation. The bell rang and the Hall Girls scampered down the basement stairs to the laboratory. Janet came plunging in, black-haired, vivid as a Monarch butterfly; Lynn followed, gray-eyed and dreamy, exquisite, like a Luna moth.

Addie, her heart beating hard, waited till they sat down. She was so excited she hardly replied to their greetings. She took the cover off the box. "Hello," she said in a businesslike way. "Look here!"

They looked like rows of jewels, she thought, her butterflies. An entomologist who had stayed a summer at the ranch had taught her how to press them properly; they poised on the thin insect pins with wings gloriously wide and antennae spread in delicate V's. Addie had arranged them unscientifically, by color, because they looked so lovely; the whites, from

ADDIE lifted her knee to brace the big box she carried, and pushed open the door into the biology room. Nobody was there yet, of course. From above Addie could hear the whirr of sweepers in dormitory rooms, feet racing, doors banging, the early morning song and murmur of radios. The Hall Girls were using the last minutes before first-hour class to clean their rooms, to visit each other, to comb their hair and do all the other routine tasks which are so much fun when done in the companionship of a dormitory.

The Town Girls, except Addie, hadn't come yet, though she heard now a car door banging and light steps crunching on the gravel path. That would be Patty Perkins, who was a Town Girl but might just as well have been a Hall Girl, all the Hall Girls were so friendly with her.

Addie carried the box to her laboratory table, put it down, and flexed her tired arms. It was a heavy box, made of pine boards. Paul had made it, at home on the ranch, and Addie had insisted on bringing it along when she came to town to live with her grandmother and go to school at Hillyer Hall. Dad had grumbled a little about her taking it, it was so big—twice as big as her suitcase, because Addie really didn't have much to put in a suitcase. A good wool skirt and a sweater (brown) and several bright cotton prints. These had seemed enough, when she packed them out at the ranch. But here at Hillyer Hall, where every girl seemed to wear a new and dashing sport outfit every day, they seemed pitifully inadequate.

Addie sat down and stared broodingly out of the window.

the humble cabbages to the exquisite spangled Parnassians; the sulphurs, brilliant yellow with many variations; the orange fritillaries with their silver spots; the little blues; the gorgeous swallowtails. There were a hundred and fifty of them, all perfect specimens.

Addie looked up eagerly, from the butterflies to the girls, her face flushed with hope.

"Oh!" cried Lynn with a shiver. "Did you *kill* them all?"

Addie's mouth fell open. "Kill them!" she cried. "Why, naturally!"

"Creepy job," said Janet, inspecting her fingernails. "Insects give me the jitters."

"You've got a nice collection there—you ought to show it to Miss Cozzens," said Patty. "Say, did any of you gals get your lesson to-day, by any chance? On account of I didn't."

"No, we had a feed last night," said Janet. "You ought to have been there, Pat! Dixie Lee had a box from home, you-all knows, one of those-all Southern boxes, fried chicken and persimmons! I ate like twenty pigs, and Lynn had to ply me with soda-water all night."

"Member the box Persis got last year at camp?" Patty giggled.

ADDIE, forgotten, put the cover back on her box. There! That was that. She flopped her book open and stared at it, unseeing. She sat through class without hearing a word. It was lucky Miss Cozzens, the breathless, gay young teacher, didn't call on her. But then Miss Cozzens never did call on her, though Addie often knew the answers.

The bell rang, and Lynn and Janet and Patty got up and started out, arm in arm. Addie was left alone to lug her great, awkward box.

At the door Patty turned and saw her carrying it. "I say, aren't you going to show that to Miss Cozzens?" she asked, turning back. "She's interested in collecting. That's why we all have to make collections as part of the biology course, as she told us the other day."

"Oh, I don't suppose she'd care to see it," Addie said coldly.

Patty looked at her curiously. "Of course she would! Anyway, why bite nails about it? You're always biting nails! Do you get a kick out of it, or what?"

The biology room was empty, except for Patty and Addie. Addie's skin prickled. Biting nails! She could feel her forehead and cheeks getting hot.

"Well, why shouldn't I bite nails?" she asked hoarsely. "Do you know why I was so excited about coming to Hillyer Hall? Because I'd always lived on the ranch, and I'd never had a sister, or a real friend. So when Grandmother asked me to come to town and live with her and go here to school, I thought it would be heaven. And when I saw all you girls—you and Lynn and Janet—I was so thrilled, because you were just the kind of friends I wanted. Isn't that funny?" She laughed angrily, and tried to keep her chin from trembling.

Patty sat down on the edge of the table. For once she didn't look as if she were on her way somewhere at sixty miles an hour. She looked halted, puzzled.

"Then why do you act so snooty?" she asked. "Why don't you ever crack a smile, or say a word?"

"Snooty?" Addie echoed indignantly. "How *can* I talk when you're always talking about things I can't even understand? I can't even use the same language!"

"It's too bad you don't live in the dormitory," Patty said slowly.

"*You* don't. And you—you get along wonderfully!" Addie accused.

"Well, of course, I go to the school camp every summer, and get awfully well acquainted that way. But you're all wrong about it, Addie. There isn't any special 'language,' as you said. Nor any special—oh, passport, that comes from living in the Hall, or going to camp, either. It's all in being friendly—honest it is! Say, excuse me now, will you? I've got a



"I MEANT TO CATCH YOU AFTER CLASS, ADDIE," MISS COZZENS SAID AS ADDIE LOOKED AWAY, "BUT I WASN'T QUICK ENOUGH"

class. But I'll be seeing you!" She gave a friendly toss of the hand and sped out.

Addie followed, carrying her box. Patty had tried to be nice. But it wasn't so easy as Patty thought. The school camp. It would probably cost a lot of money.

Addie borrowed a camp prospectus from the office that afternoon, and took it out in Grandmother's back yard under the lilac bush.

Her first look at it sent her heart up. Pictures. Girls singing on a hillside together, their bare legs dappled with aspen-shadows; girls riding; girls swimming; girls hiking. Her second look sent her heart down.

"Camp Fees: One Week.....	\$ 15.00
"One Month.....	\$ 50.00
"Nine-Week Period.....	\$100.00"

One week wouldn't be enough. And, besides, she couldn't ask for even fifteen dollars, either from Grandmother who



was doing so much for her already, or from Mother and Dad who had had such hard going on the ranch these dry years.

Addie read on, nevertheless. Health and Safety. Program. Costume and Equipment. She read all the subdivisions avidly. What fun—what fun it would be! And the best of it was the friends she'd be sure to find through that informal companionship. She knew Janet and Lynn and Patty would like her if they really knew her!

"Staff," she read. "The camp staff is made up of young women, college graduates, chosen for their skill, experience, and understanding of girls. Besides the full counselor appointments, a junior counselor is chosen in each craft from the student body of Hillyer Hall. This provides an opportunity for camp experience for talented girls, and develops their skill and leadership."

Addie's eyes narrowed and she abstractedly twisted the lock of hair that hung behind her ear. Junior counselorship. Junior counselor in nature study. Miss Cozzens had announced, the first of the year, that the junior counselor in

nature study would be chosen from her classes, and that every biology student was eligible. Addie had a strong, square little chin with just the hint of a cleft in it. When she set her teeth together that chin looked formidable. She set her teeth together now, staring at the side of her grandmother's chicken-coop without seeing it.

She got to the lab early again next morning, and took out her biology notebook. Oh, dear! All B's and C's. She didn't have a single A in her notebook. Her amœba looked like doughnuts, and her paramœcia like bedroom slippers. She knew all about the inside of a frog, but when she had tried to print the names the ink had blotted, and the dotted lines got so wavy that you couldn't tell which led where.

"I just can't draw," she sighed to herself.

Janet and Lynn and Patty came in together and settled in their places like gay butterflies lighting, just as class began. Addie had studied all the evening before and she waved her hand at every question, but Miss Cozzens didn't seem to see her.

Miss Cozzens called on Patty, though, who wasn't waving her hand. "What is osmosis, Patty?"

"Why—I believe, Miss Cozzens, it has something to do with solutions," Patty said, wide-eyed; then giggled.

Addie stared scornfully. How could Patty be so dumb? She put up her hand.

Miss Cozzens giggled back at Patty. "Playing pretty safe, aren't you, Patty?" she asked, and, seeming not to see Ad-

die's flying hand, called on someone else across the room.

Addie got madder and madder. How was she to show how much she knew? How was she to prove she was the best biology student and deserved to be a junior counselor? Not by her notebook, not by recitation—

Then she remembered. The collection. Miss Cozzens was nutty about collections, Patty had said. Once again Addie's square chin set itself firmly. She already had a pretty good collection. Before the year was over, she would have a first-rate collection! And then if she got good grades in all the tests, she'd be in line for the junior counselorship.

"Addie! Hs-s-s-s!"

Addie turned. Patty was signalling to her.

"We're going to town right after Assembly," she whispered. "Want to come along?"

Addie's heart bounded. Then her glance went on to Janet and Lynn, who were watching her curiously. Patty had told them. They were feeling sorry for her, trying to be nice to her. She didn't want friendship of (Continued on page 42)



HOMeward BOUND WITH A GOOD CATCH

SHRIMPS ON ICE

By HELEN WILCOX

IT WAS five o'clock on a cloudless June morning in the prosperous fishing village of Petersburg, southeastern Alaska. At the end of the long dock that fingers its way gingerly past the shallows at the edge of Wrangell Narrows, the sturdy Diesel boat *Brunbild* was casting off for the day's shrimping. Hank, the captain, and Leif, the big, blond, twenty-year-old crew, were busy at wheel and hawser, while the guests, Connie and Sheila, in rubber boots, breeches, and heavy sweaters, perched on an overturned shrimp box, watching the early morning drama of a fleet of fishing boats getting under way.

"Trollers, halibut boats, shrimpers"—Connie was casting experienced, appreciative eyes along the busy waterfront—"all going to work. I love their chugging and bustle, and I love the fresh salt smell!" She threw back her short brown bob, which curled around her face in the damp air.

Sheila sniffed. "The boats are nice, but I could do without that 'fresh salt smell.'"

Connie laughed at her cousin's little wrinkled sniffer. "Poor thing! That's what you get for living in a big city all your life. Wait till you've been here a month." She raised her blue eyes to the wheelhouse where Hank was deftly maneuvering the stout boat through the neck of Wrangell Narrows, a passage that seemed no wider than a city street.

"Hope we go La Conte Glacier way to-day. It's exciting, dragging for shrimps among the icebergs."

"Icebergs?" Sheila was looking back at the cozy town, warm in the morning sun. "But I thought—"

"You thought icebergs couldn't be near, didn't you? Well, La Conte is one of the least known but liveliest glaciers



THE HAUL INCLUDED SHRIMPS, SKATES, EELS, AND FLOUNDERS

Sheila, visiting her cousin Connie in Alaska, goes on a shrimping trip and is thrilled with the beauty of icebergs

in Alaska—it moves forward about forty feet a day in summer. La Conte Bay is always full of icebergs, floating silently back and forth with the tide. When the tide goes out, long strings of bergs are left in a row along the beach. They look like a one-way street of igloos."

"But don't they ever get out of the bay?"

"Oh yes, they finally break into bergs small enough to

get over the shoal at the entrance, and then they float until they melt. Tourists are always on the lookout for La Conte icebergs—because they are the first ones to be seen. Very few people have ever been able to get far enough up the bay to see the glacier itself. I know I never have, though we've tried again and again."

"Why?" asked Sheila, but Connie did not answer. She was watching the skipper to see which way he would turn the wheel. Then she settled back with a sigh of satisfaction as he pulled hard to starboard and headed past the point and down the bay toward the north fork of the Stikine River and La Conte Bay.

"But why is it dangerous to go into the bay?" Sheila was insistent.

"Perhaps you'll see. If we fill our sixteen shrimp boxes early enough and the tide is right, the skipper *might* take us in. I hope so."

They were nosing along placid, green water with forests of Alaska spruce hugging the shores on either side and climbing in a solid wall to the mountains close behind. Three other shrimp boats were trailing the *Brunhild*, spreading out to their chosen shrimping shoals.

"It'll be a good hour before we drop the trawl. Do you, by any chance, smell something that might be breakfast?"

Through the half-open hatch came the unmistakable odor of coffee and sizzling bacon. Sheila slipped down off the wooden box, big enough to hold more than a hundred pounds of shrimps, to kneel before the opening.

"Sailor ahoy!" she called. "Do passengers eat aboard this vessel?"

Leif, the "crew," tilted his head to grin at the brown eyes above him.

"They do if they have any teeth."

Then he added, apparently to the griddle cakes browning before him, "Um-m, that picture wouldn't be bad on the front of a magazine. The hatch makes a good frame."

"Is now the right time to—exercise the teeth?"

For answer, Leif beat on the stove top with the lifter. "Breakfast is now being served! Last call for the first sitting!" Then he added, out of the side of his mouth, "Will one of the ladies fry cakes while I take the wheel?"

BOTH girls scrambled down the steep companionway, past the noisy, pulsating engine, to the cabin. The stove, burning oil, was screwed securely to the floor; close beside was the neatly covered sink. Dishes fitted on narrow, guarded shelves, above hinged seats. The table had no cloth, but the surface was polished to mirror brightness. Four bunks lined the walls—two on a side. Hank, the genial skipper, lived in Petersburg, but Leif's home was the first bunk to the right. Leif was saving his money to start college in the autumn—if he could stand being away from the tang of the sea long enough to attend.

After stowing away a seafaring breakfast, the girls stayed below, swabbing up, until a sudden lurch and slowing of the engine sent them scurrying to the deck.

The close-netted large trawl that had hung high over the stern like a meshed sail and had reminded Sheila of some picturesque Mediterranean craft, had been lowered until only the wide drag arm was visible above the water. The *Brunhild* was cruising at half-speed along the shallows at the head of the North Fork of the Stikine. To starboard lay Coney Island, its only inhabitants, foxes.

Sheila stood watching Leif arranging the wooden shrimp boxes along the sides of the railless boat.

"How long do we—er—fish?"

Leif looked at his watch. "It's eight o'clock now. We drag about an hour in this location. Shrimps are thick here, but they're small."

"The big de luxe fellows are in deeper water," Connie explained. "Come on, let's go up to the bow. Maybe we can catch a glimpse of the glacier."

The sun was high now and the sky cloudless. The girls stretched out full length on the clean deck, their eyes on the slowly changing panorama. The low flats of the North Fork stretched its muddy delta before them, inviting gulls and other water fowl to claw up (Continued on page 46)



A FISH FOR THE DISCARD! HANK, THE SKIPPER OF THE BRUNHILD, EXHIBITS ONE OF THE CATCH BEFORE TOSSING IT OVERBOARD

PULLING IN THE TRAWL WITH THE CATCH. SOON IT WILL BE SPREAD ON DECK SO THAT THE SHRIMPS AND THE FLOUNDERS MAY BE SORTED OUT AND THE UNWANTED FISH BE THROWN BACK INTO THE WATER



THING *of* BEAUTY

ZURK, from his place on top of the bookshelves, gave unblinking attention to the commotion that was going on in the living room. The tiny black exclamation points in the centers of his golden eyes were rolled out wide now so that he looked like a very cross owl. And he was cross: Not that Zurk minded people. He liked to hear them exclaim, as his mistress's visitors usually did, "Oh, what a perfectly handsome cat! What a magnificent ruff he has, and what a plummy tail! Such a gorgeous orange color!" He liked to hear his mistress say that he was just called Zurk for short, that he was named Xerxes after a Persian king.

But this morning these bustling moving-men had taken no notice of him, except when one of them had yanked a chair right out from under him and said "Scat!" Nobody had ever said "Scat" to Zurk before. It upset him. And the furniture being carried out was upsetting, too. Probably they would be taking up the bookshelves next. Zurk stared at the moving-men and there wasn't a purr in his whole system.

Charlotte, his mistress, appeared. Though she spoke soothingly, Zurk didn't feel reassured. Indeed, he felt more disturbed than ever for she set down beside him the bag with the little screen window in it, in which his mother, Queen Victoria, traveled back and forth between the city apartment and the farm in Connecticut.

"Don't be worried, Zurk darling," Charlotte coaxed. "We're going to leave the dusty old city for good and all. We're going to the country to live—and you'll love it, just as I do."

Zurk doubted it. In times past he had been jealous of Vicky's getting to go up to the country, but, now that he was actually being placed in the traveling bag, he wished with all his heart for his old peaceful routine. He had never been any place. When he wanted air and exercise he merely walked around the terrace railing and viewed the world from a distance.

Now, as he resigned himself to the terrifying noises outside his little black cage, he wondered more and more what the country would be like. Vicky, his mother, had told him that cats weren't expected to stay indoors all the time in the country. Of course Vicky was up there now, but Zurk knew she wouldn't be much help to him. She was old and heavy with dignity. And in his inmost heart he knew, though he chose not to think of it often, that Vicky considered her gorgeous son somewhat of a dummy. She was always polite, in her queenly way, but once, when he had plumed himself before guests, first on top of the grand piano and then posed in the exact center of the window seat, she had called him a "stuffed shirt" and stalked away in scorn. However, she welcomed him when they got to the farm and kindly enough showed him the sun deck where she spent much of her time.

But Zurk didn't like it there at all. A big tree reached out to the very edge of the railing and about a thousand birds chattered at him until he felt as though a thousand files were scraping his ear. Birds belonged in cages and the idea of so many of them jumping about wherever they wished and practically on top of one's head—no, Zurk didn't like it! With every hair in his ruff and his tail pointing disapproval, he rose and went away from there.



Zurk, short for Xerxes, had never found it necessary, in all his feline life, to be more than "a thing of beauty" until nature and pride conspired against him

By LYLA SNOWDEN

In all his beautiful dignity he sat on the front door step. Suddenly a most horrible little creature came flopping itself across the flag stones, dust-colored and wrinkled. Could it be a crippled mouse, Zurk wondered? He had never caught a mouse, never bothered about them. But if this one was easy to catch—! He took a few steps into the grass and the creature was lost to view. Zurk went back to the step. Charlotte and her brother Bob, in the doorway, laughed heartily. Zurk felt very silly.

WAIT till he gets acquainted with the wild cats," Bob chuckled. "They'll make him get up a little speed."

"But, Bob," Charlotte protested, "Zurk doesn't need to have speed. He's a thing of beauty—just like a Chinese vase, or a Persian rug."

"He's a cat," Bob declared, "and if he doesn't know it he ought to find out."

"Poor Xerxes," Charlotte sighed.

Wild cats! Zurk was uneasy. Getting acquainted with wild cats was a heady thought for one who always declined his cream if it was either too cold or too warm—and he could not know that "wild cats" was merely a name his mistress called the plebeian barn cats whose duty it was to police the farm for mice. But for his beloved Charlotte to say he was the same as a vase or a rug! Now if only she had said, "Oh, Zurk's all right! I'm fond of him." But no! She had said, "Zurk is nothing but a thing of beauty like a vase or a rug."



THE "WILD CATS" WERE A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS OF THIS MAGNIFICENT STRANGER, BUT THEY FINALLY ALLOWED HIM TO TAG ALONG

Illustrated by

CLARE TURLAY NEWBERRY

After a while it was supper time. Around the edges of the kitchen terrace a flock of lean gray cats stalked, watching Bob stirring their food in a large shallow pan. "Well, Zurk, you big ball of fluff," Bob greeted him, "meet the wild cats and see what you make of them, and what they make of you." He set the pan down and the cats were around it in a swoop. Zurk could smell the meat, but there wasn't a hair's breadth of room to get to it. The wild cats edged him out. He went all the way around the circle. Charlotte came out and gave him some food away from the other cats, but he was almost too miserable to eat.

After supper he hung around, followed a couple of the younger cats into the brush. He asked them whether they were wild cats. "Certainly we're wild cats," the larger one snapped at him. "We wouldn't have anybody coddling *us*."

"We catch bugs and birds and snakes and everything," the littler one boasted, flipping his paw teasingly at a big beetle.

"I've never been out like this before," Zurk told them humbly.

The wild cats were a little suspicious of the magnificent stranger, but they permitted him to tag along. Next day they laughed at him for being so proud of his courage in worrying a poky old caterpillar. "Wait until you learn to catch a bird," they told him. "Then you can boast."

Way down deep Zurk liked the idea. He found he didn't

need to be told how to walk silently, or to stay crouched and spring quickly and surely. But his size and color were against him. He missed every bird. He caught lots of other things, though, even a field mouse. After that the wild cats permitted him to eat from their pan.

But Zurk wasn't as happy about it as he had expected to be. He kept remembering what Charlotte had said about him—"just like a beautiful vase or rug." He wondered whether she'd think so badly of him if she knew he was a hunter. Well, he'd catch another mouse and bring it right in and give it to her. That would show her he was a real cat. Since they came out here she hadn't given him any attention. He missed her kind words and gentle stroking. Wild cats were all right, but he, Zurk, didn't want to be a wild cat all the time.

HE WENT out and crouched in the high weeds back of the barn where he knew there was a mouse hole. He had a long wait, but when he leaped he had his prey secure. He was a hunter. He felt it. He even wished the mouse was bigger so he could fight it. He killed the mouse and carried it proudly in his mouth to the front terrace where his mistress was sitting.

The wild cats were the official mousers for the farm. Maybe if Zurk had been there longer Charlotte could have credited him with sharing such duty. As it was she laughed and laughed. "Zurk, you old bluffer, you're trying to make me think you caught that mouse, when you know perfectly well one of the wild cats let you have it to play with. If you'd caught it yourself, you'd have eaten it."

Zurk laid the trophy at her feet, looking at her with his solemn golden eyes, asking her to understand that he had caught it himself, that he could hunt with the best. But Charlotte couldn't understand.

"Mary," she called to the maid, "come take this mouse around back and give it to the wild cats. Lazy Mr. Zurk is trying to make me believe he caught it. Or perhaps he just wanted me to play with it, too." She leaned down and stroked the yellow cat's back.

But Zurk was so disappointed, he didn't even feel the caress. He followed Mary watchfully and, when a wild cat came up to take the mouse, Zurk smacked him and took it himself. Mary called him "Mr. Greedy," but that was as nothing beside Charlotte's lack of belief in him.

When supper time came Zurk didn't feel like eating. Perhaps the mouse had taken the edge off his appetite, but it was true that he did feel very low in spirit. He sat in a chair and gave himself up to brooding. Finally he dozed and later woke to hear Bob remark, "It's a shame about the Blake's chickens. Blake says he thinks it was a ferret that got them and he's set a trap for it, but I believe it's rats because only the little chicks were killed."

"Oh, Bob, if something like that should happen to my dear little 'sailor-pants' chicks!" Charlotte wailed.

Zurk knew her "sailor-pants" chicks were the little black ones that wore feathers all the way down their legs. Charlotte expected them to take poultry show prizes. They were in a special little house. He thought he'd stroll over and see if there were any rats around.

He liked being out in the night. He felt more alive. True, one couldn't see so far at night as in the daytime, but one didn't need to. One could hear every tiny sound more distinctly, smell every faintest scent separately. Zurk breathed deep of the cool air. He wouldn't mind a good fight with a rat. His fur was thick. His claws were sharper than ever they had been, and his heart was bitter. "She thinks I can't even catch a mouse. Maybe a rat would convince her." He gave a flaunting switch to the plume that was his tail.

No wild cats seemed to be about. Zurk settled himself in the dust near the house of the little black chicks. The night was cool and still. He turned up (*Continued on page 45*)

LET'S HAVE A PICNIC

By BEATRICE PIERCE

WHETHER it is in your own back yard, or in some far-off enchanting spot, a good picnic takes planning. Where is the person who hasn't heard the familiar, "Oh dear, we've forgotten the matches!" Or perhaps it's the forks, the sandwiches, or even the steak! Don't say it couldn't be the steak. It's been known to happen, and not at a back-yard picnic either.

The safest way, especially when you are going a distance, is to take a careful inventory before you set forth. If you are a harum-scarum sort of girl, you had better not rely on your memory, or be satisfied with a hasty survey. A list of everything you expect to need should be prepared by you in a calm moment of concentration. Then, at the last minute, even though the car horn outside is tooting for you to hurry, take time enough to run through every item, big and little, so as to be sure that nothing has been overlooked.

Having some special equipment for picnics helps a lot to maintain law and order. A haphazard collection of cooking and eating dishes and utensils makes it easy to forget something. Besides, odds and ends are seldom suited to picnicking; they take up too much space in the car, or are too heavy to carry; they rattle around, upset and spill, and are a general annoyance. For a family that likes picnics, a good picnic kit is a sensible investment. There are handsome kits in the stores—some beautifully fitted and others not so elegant—but it is quite possible to make and assemble your own kit. A home carpenter, or a brother who likes manual training, might enjoy designing the case. And it is fun to hunt through the house wares for the most suitable cups, plates, cutlery, and so forth. Paper plates are very satisfactory, provided you get plates that are strong enough and large enough. There should be some non-spillable salt-and-pepper shakers, a few adequate pot holders, a good knife for slicing, a workable can-and-bottle opener. Cups for hot drinks should be of generous proportions—the kind that stack together are easiest to carry—and not of aluminum unless you don't mind burning your mouth. Aluminum, if you remember your physics, is a quick conductor of heat. Hence—cold coffee and a hot cup!

A covered butter jar is another thing to look for. There is a vacuum variety that will keep the butter fresh and cool on a hot day. Carrying cups with tight-fitting lids often come in handy.

A grid with folding legs is an inexpensive and satisfactory device for outdoor cooking. If you live where fires are prohibited, you can manage quite a meal with canned heat on a fifty cent stove. Or you can take your hot dishes in a thermos jug and spare yourself the trouble of making and looking after a fire.

Paper napkins are, of course, the only sensible thing. Get them large enough to be some good. Those adorable little squares with scalloped edges are for teas, not picnics.

It is likewise well to get a roll of paper towels and a package of parchment paper when you are collecting your picnic accessories. The towels are useful for wiping out the salad bowl or the frying pan, and for the rough clean-up work on



A HARE-AND-HOUND RACE TO THE PICNIC SPOT IS AN UNUSUAL AND AMUSING WAY TO HAVE YOUR CROWD GATHER, AND A SURE-FIRE WAY TO GET AN APPETITE

*Some words of wisdom about picnics
and some mouth-watering suggestions
for menus to make a picnic a success*

charred pots and pans. Also for drying your face and hands after you have washed in the brook. (One picnic enthusiast always brings along three or four damp wash cloths, wrung out in water before starting and carried in a glass jar with a screw top. These are always greeted with mirth when they are produced after the picnic meal—but are greatly appreciated in cleaning up sticky hands and faces!)

Parchment paper is excellent for wrapping up the nicely washed salad ingredients, which you bring from home ready to be tossed in a bowl and combined with the dressing which you carry separately in a bottle.

If you are a steak addict, or if you like to broil chops or even chickens over the coals of a camp fire, you will need a long-handled grill. And you are almost certain to have plenty of use for a nice big coffee pot that won't tip over, and for some of those aluminum nests of cooking dishes which are made especially for picnic kits. At the Five and Ten you can get long-handled forks and also a sheet-iron pan which is grand for cooking hamburgers and hot dogs.

Make waterproof duck covers for your grills, your coffee pot, and your other cooking dishes, unless you have a case that these articles fit into. The point is to keep everything free from dust, and to spare the interior of your car from soot and grease.

Cooking out-of-doors is an art, but everyone enjoys the experience. It is important, of course, to know how to build a fire. There are different methods, but the principles are much the same. The thing to learn first is that you can not cook

over a roaring blaze. You must wait until the fire burns down and you have a nice bed of hot coals. It is best to use stones to confine your fire; and you will do well to select a place that is sheltered from the wind. Preparations for an outdoor meal take rather a long time, so start early. The first job is to collect the wood unless you have brought it from home. Where wood is scarce, charcoal, which you buy from your grocer, is an excellent substitute, clean, compact, and safe. Next you start your water boiling—if you need hot water for anything. A kettle set on a grid is one way. Another, in case you have no grid, is to cut a stick two feet long, a fairly heavy one with a crotch at one end. Leave about two inches on each fork of the crotch. Sharpen the other end. Push it into the ground. Cut a four to five foot green pole. (It must be green or it will catch fire.) Cut a notch in one end. Rest this pole over the forked stick, the notched end over the fire, anchoring the other end to the ground with a log or rocks. Hang a bucket or kettle on the notch, keep the fire going, and soon the water will be boiling merrily.

It is no trick at all to broil a steak if you have a long-handled grill to hold over the coals. Drive a forked stick into the ground near the fire to rest the handle on and spare yourself the tiresome job of holding up the entire weight. But keep an eye on the broiling none the less.

For those who like it there is nothing more delectable than steak with a trace of garlic. If your crowd approves—and they are missing a good deal if they don't—before broiling your steak rub it over so lightly with a cut clove of garlic. Brush on a little olive oil, too. About six to seven minutes is long enough for the broiling of an inch-thick steak. Remember your coals should be *very* hot. Hold the grill as close to the coals as possible. When the meat is brown and crisp on the outside, and hot through but pink on the inside, remove. Sprinkle with salt and serve at once.

If you haven't a grill you can still have a deliciously broiled steak, provided your picnic is in a rocky section. Select a nice flat stone, preferably a flat ledge rock, a good-sized one. On this build your fire. Let it burn an hour or so until the rock is very hot. Then, with a stick, push back the coals so as to make an opening large enough to hold your steak. With grass, or leaves, or a piece of damp cloth, dust the rock off clean. Put the steak on the rock and let it sizzle until nice and brown on one side. Turn and do the same to the other side. Season and eat at once.

Another way is to cut the steak into small pieces before leaving home and to broil these pieces on sticks, or put them directly into the coals. They should be turned when done on one side, and dipped into melted butter when both sides are cooked.

With your steak, serve potato chips which have been heated until warm and crisp. At the same time pass small whole tomatoes, or possibly whole beets hollowed out and filled with chopped-up cress and salad dressing. Or you might have a bowlful of green things washed and cut up in sticks at home—carrots, cucumbers, peppers, tomatoes, radishes—with French dressing carried in a screw-top jar. The vegetables will keep fresh if wrapped in parchment paper. For dessert have little cakes, or cookies, and plenty of coffee.

One of the most delicious picnic meals I remember was cooked and eaten on the sand dunes of Cape Cod. There is an eerie beauty about the dunes which makes the mere being there a memorable event. Then, too, everyone was hungry, for there had been swimming and a long climb up to the high spot where supper was prepared. The menu was a simple one and any of you could duplicate it very easily. For meat there were lamb chops, nice thick ones with some of the kidney left in. These were spread with mustard and allowed to stand while the potatoes were prepared. Yes, potatoes, and if you think potatoes are uninteresting food, just try them boiled with onions at a picnic. Plan on having a big kettle of them for they will be popular and no mistake. Peel and slice the potatoes, about six of them for a crowd of eight people. Then peel and slice six white onions. Boil together in a kettle of salted water. When the vegetables are tender, mash with a milk bottle, or potato masher if you have thought to bring one along. Season with salt and pepper, moisten with a little milk, and beat until creamy. If you have plenty of butter pour on a quarter of a cup, melted just before serving.

The rest of the meal on the dunes consisted of a green salad which was passed with the chops and potatoes; and finally coffee, fresh grapes that had been kept cold in a bucket with ice in the bottom, crisp crackers and Edam cheese which we scooped out of its red shell. The salad had been prepared at home and was tied up in a big square of parchment paper, dressing and all. Grated carrots and (Continued on page 34)

Illustrated by
MARGUERITE
DE ANGELI



COOKING OUTDOORS REQUIRES SKILL, BUT IT IS LOTS OF FUN

MIDGE

RINGS THE BELL

It was not often that Midge got to the end of her rope, but during those momentous moments when the winner of the scholarship was being decided, she certainly did!

By MARJORIE PARADIS

"I'M SO nervous I could scream!" declaimed Una dramatically, raising dark eyes ceilingward.

"How can Honey bring herself to sing on such a night?" marveled Midge as through the opened window drifted a soprano and alto duet:

*"Ab, sweet mystery of life,
At last I've found you—"*

"And with that twit of a choir boy," added Cabbage, shaking her ash blond curls that mounted in a mass of petals.

"After we all promised to spend the evening together, too!" sighed Sprat, who had been christened Jacqueline. The three girls had gathered in her room in an effort to cheer each other up. "Perhaps Honey's so sure of winning she's not worried."

"It's just a case of which one of us has done the most for the school. She did sing beautifully at the musical," admitted Una generously.

"And you were swell in the play—in all the plays," protested Midge.

"Drama plays a feeble part in these halls of learning," lamented Una. "Lots of people think you'll get it, Midge, on account of Tin."

"Because Quentin's father is one of the trustees?"

"Yop. A friend at court."

"Tin says just the opposite. He says his father is so honest he bends backwards, and he'll be apt to vote against me because I'm a friend of his son's."

"Imagine how whichever-one-of-us wins will feel at Assembly to-morrow when Miss McGill reads out, 'The winner of the Mary Shenstone Porter scholarship for next winter is—!'"

"Don't. The chills creep up my spine," gasped Una.

The scholarship was limited to one of the five highest in the class, and four of the five were now gathered in Sprat's room.

"At this very moment the trustees are at Mr. Bates's house making their momentous decision," moaned Cabbage.

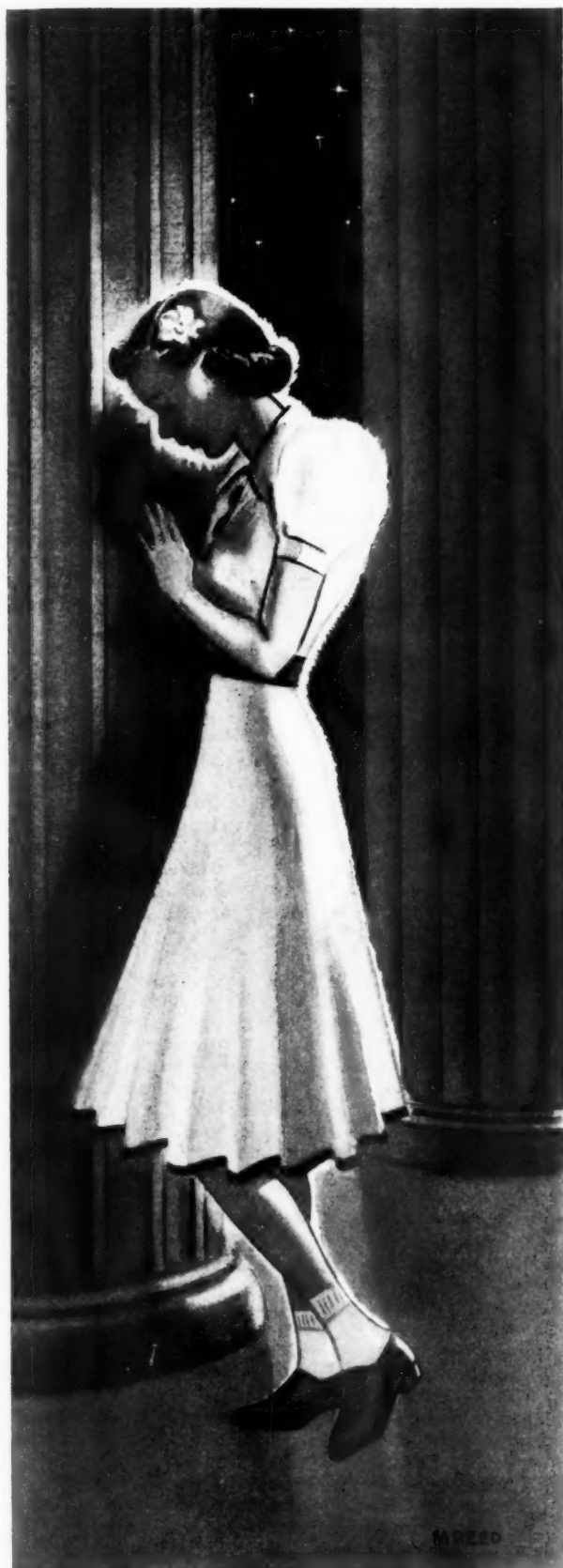
"Drink to me only with thine eyes"

"And I will pledge with mine,"

promised their faithless compeer from somewhere below.

"Isn't your room directly over the music room, Midge?" asked Sprat, a gleam in her eyes.





Illustrated by MERLE REED

"Yes, two floors above. I can hear everybody practicing. It's terrible, sometimes."

"I've thought of something that may remind Honey we still exist," giggled Sprat. "Let's set our alarm clocks a few minutes apart, tie them together, and let them down outside the music room window!"

The suggestion met with unanimous enthusiasm and the girls gathered in Midge's room with their clocks and such string as they possessed.

"I'll set mine for quarter of nine." Sprat had taken charge of the arrangements. "Midge, make yours almost ten. Cabbage five, and you, Una, nine o'clock. When they've shot the works, we'll haul 'em up and reset them."

Laughter and lack of cord impeded their work.

"Let's use the fire rope," joked Midge, tapping the metal box over the window when Sprat questioned the strength of her offering. "I've always wanted to test it."

Finally the clocks were tied together and silently lowered, but it was difficult to know just when to anchor them.

"I'll go down and guide you," volunteered Cabbage. "It's still light enough for you to see me if I stand out on the lawn and make signs to raise or lower the clocks."

Suppressing their giggles, Una, Sprat, and Midge hung over the sill and listened to the clarion call rising through the purple twilight, "*My rosary, my ros-a-r-y!*"

Cabbage's blond petals appeared far below them. Midge's room was at the back of the building, looking out over a sloping lawn which ran abruptly downhill to a brook and a grove of walnut trees. Since the school was built on the hillside, the building had one more story at the back than at the front. Guided by Cabbage's voiceless gesticulations the conspirators lowered the clocks, secured them, and retreated to the couch, muffling their mirth in the pillows.

GIRLS! Midge! Listen! Pull 'em up, *quick!*" Cabbage, breathless from running up the stairs, clung to the doorknob as she panted out her order.

"Why?" demanded the instigator.

"The trustees—they're not at Mr. Bates's—his wife's entertaining the literary club. They're here. I passed 'em on their way to the music room as I came upstairs."

Three pairs of eyes stared at her.

"What's become of Honey and her choir boy?" asked Sprat.

"Moved to the assembly room."

"Get the clocks up pronto," ordered Midge. "The prontoer the better."

"Isn't that a rotten break!" mourned Sprat, pulling up the cord. The clocks caught on a shutter, she gave a yank and sprawled her length on the floor. This time it was indeed a rotten break. One of the cords had given way.

"Oh, girls, look!" cried Midge. "They're dangling right in front of the window, with the light on them!"

"What'll we do when they begin to go off?" gasped Cabbage.

"Ruined! We're ruined!" Lady Macbeth could not have been more dramatic than Una.

"I'll tell the world," agreed Sprat. "As far as the scholarship goes, we're out!"

"Don't waste time talking. We must get them back." Midge spoke between set teeth.

"How? Bust into the conference and climb out on the window sill and pull them off?" scoffed Cabbage.

"SOME DAY YOU'LL LAUGH ABOUT THE WHOLE THING," TIN TOLD MIDGE SERIOUSLY AS SHE STOOD WITH BOWED HEAD

"No. We'll have to get them, some way, from outside."

"It's at least twenty feet from the ground. No ladder would reach, even if we had one."

Midge said nothing, but, with arms folded and brows gathered, she gazed at the fire box.

"You aren't suggesting we use the fire harness, are you, Midge?" There was awe and hope in Una's tone. "You said you wanted to test it."

"I won't let her," protested Sprat. "She'd kill herself!"

"It must be safe, or Duncan Hall would never have installed it," argued Midge.

Twice a year, at a fire drill, the Head Mistress demonstrated the device by belting a pillow weighted with books and lowering it out of her window before the assembled school gathered on the front lawn. After that she showed them exactly how to adjust the tape harness fashioned like those used to keep babies in their carriages. Once she had used Midge for a model.

"It was my piece of cord that broke," lamented Midge. "I'm responsible—and I'm not afraid."

"It's a misdemeanor to even unseal the door of the fire box," warned Sprat.

"In a crisis one must choose the lesser of two evils." Midge yanked open the little door and out fell the harness to which was attached a thin cable. Deliberately, in accordance with Miss McGill's instructions, she slipped her arms through the armholes and secured the belt.

"We'll wear gloves and feed the rope through our hands. Then, if it should slip, we could hold it," insisted Sprat.

By the time they were ready, darkness had gathered. Midge sat on the window sill and swung her legs over the edge. Her face was grim.

"Ready, girls?" asked Sprat, who felt better now she was doing something. But at the last moment she cried, "Oh, Midge, are you perfectly sure it's safe?"

"We're ordered to use the rope in case of fire," Midge reminded her. "And this is worse."

But a glimpse into the dark void below, splashed with lights from the windows, suddenly terrified her. Could she do it? She set her jaw. She wouldn't throw away the chance of a scholarship on a silly joke. Courage, she told herself, courage. Wriggling around, she let herself over the edge, clung for a moment to the sill, turned her face skyward, and released her hold.

Slowly, smoothly, she descended as she had often done in her dreams. Past the second floor—Netty Garbin's room, she recognized the photographs. How odd it looked from this view!

Down, down she slipped. Alice in Wonderland must have felt like me, she thought. Now she was reaching the

top of the shutter. It was not difficult to unhook the clocks. She held them up to the white faces above. A few seconds and her attempt would be crowned with success.

Before she could reach the ground she must pass the music room window, open to the warm spring night. Harrowing! If one of the trustees should spy her, all would be lost.

Down, down—only her head and shoulders were above the sill. In half a second now she'd be down.

The cable had ceased to lengthen. Or did she only imagine it? She gauged the descent by the cross bar of the screens, careful to keep her gaze from the group of men around the table, lest her glance attract theirs. Not a fraction of an inch had she moved.

She looked down on the sloping grass, ten or fifteen feet below. If it were not for the sloping away of the hill

she would have reached the ground. If only she could undo the harness she was desperate enough to take a chance on dropping that distance, but her weight made it impossible for her to open the strap. Was there nothing to do but hang there at the window until she was discovered?

"The second girl is Jacqueline Brunswick," the trustee at the end of the table read from a paper. "Miss McGill says of her 'A splendid girl, eminently worthy, but scarcely in need of a scholarship as her father, Bruno Brunswick, is a man of wealth.'"

"He is. That's Brunswick of the Consolidated," affirmed the thin man.

"She's out." A pencil line was drawn through the name. "The third is Margaret Bennett."

Midge's heart pounded in her ears. Should she cover them with her hands? Impossible

because of the clocks. She was obliged to listen.

"I quote: 'Honest, straightforward, lovable. President of the Students' League and my choice for the scholarship.'"

Darling Miss McGill! Midge had always loved her.

"But the kind of girl," continued the trustee after nodding his approval, "who seems involved in every school escapade." Well, what of it? I admire spirit.

"So do I," conceded the slender man. "My son knows her and I gather she's a fine girl."

Then he must be Mr. Hamilton, whom Midge had never met.

"However," continued the speaker, "we have to look at all angles and it's a serious matter setting her up as a model. Suppose she's involved in some stunt that doesn't redound to the credit of the school?"

"Aren't you punishing her for something she hasn't done?" argued the fat trustee. "The fact that she's been elected to the highest office by her peers and is recommended by the head mistress would seem to make her the obvious choice."

"All right, gentlemen, I've said my say." Mr. Hamilton

At Night

By LEONA AMES HILL

There were soft stars trailed in patterns across the sky,
But nobody could tell that, under the deep and still
Darkness, a myriad daisies had blossomed in the high
Wild pasture land: the daisies were stars fallen on a hill.

Nobody could know that a fleet fox, running in the dark,
Stopped on a blossom-sprinkled hill to lift his nose
Toward a luminous sky where proud Arcturus was a spark
Of white fire burning, and a yellow planet rose.

There were unknown hosts of insects breathing in the grass:
Nobody could name them all, the singers in the night;
And nobody at all could know how velvet field mice passed
Across a hill on silky feet invisible to man's sight.

Nobody saw what birds there were on strong wings, soft of feather—
Nighthawks crying, whippoorwills, and owls with golden eyes—
While mankind slept and dreamed, they flew out in
the sweet dark weather

Where strange and lovely creatures woke beneath
the patterned skies.



BEFORE SHE COULD REACH THE GROUND SHE MUST PASS THE MUSIC ROOM WINDOW OPEN TO THE WARM SPRING NIGHT. IF ONE OF THE TRUSTEES SHOULD SPY HER, ALL WOULD BE LOST!

bowed in a gesture Tin often copied. "Personally I like what my son tells me about the girl. Nothing would please me more than to have her selected."

Mr. Bates. "But I'll complete the report. The fourth on the list is Una Raymond. I quote—"

"Buzzbuzzbuzzbuzzbuzzbuzz—bzzzzzzzzzzz—bzzzzzzzzzz!"

Midge, in her excitement, had forgotten to turn off the alarms. She hugged the clocks to her in an effort to muffle the noise, but the three trustees looked questioningly at each other.

"What's that?" demanded the fat man.

"Probably a retiring bell," suggested Mr. Hamilton. "We'd better speed up. My son's coming for me at nine-thirty."

"*Buznznznznznznznznznzn—buzzzzzz—buzzzzzz,*" repeated the diligent arouser.

Mr. Hamilton looked toward the window. Midge watched him, beyond thought, past feeling. She simply hung suspended and waited. Something in his expression must have awakened the fat man's curiosity, for he turned around. He hunched his thick shoulders, his eyeballs stared as he pointed a forefinger.

"Am I crazy?" his voice quavered. "Or is that a head?"

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. Bates.

Chairs scraped the bare floor. Mr. Hamilton was the first to reach the window.

"It's—only me," wailed Midge.

The screen was raised and Midge, with assistance, scrambled into the room where she was held prisoner by the cable.

"What's all this?" demanded Mr. Hamilton sternly and not without justice.

Midge set down the timepieces and struggled to unfasten the harness. "I—I didn't want these clocks to bother you."

"This is most unusual—at least I should hope so," barked Mr. Bates. "Who are you?"

"I'm Midge Bennett."

"Not Margaret Bennett! Oh, well, gentlemen—" Mr. Hamilton sounded relieved as if Midge had freed him from further responsibility.

"Have you any explanation?" suggested Mr. Bates broadly-mindedly.

"Yes, sir." It was difficult unbuckling a belt when one's fingers were lumps of ice. "I wanted to get these clocks."

"I should suppose such a method of descent might be classified as a misdemeanor," suggested Mr. Hamilton.

"Yes, sir, it is," admitted Midge miserably. "But they would have been so annoying." She glanced toward the pile of clocks.

"Have you been present at this meeting long?"

"Oh, yes, sir." It seemed to Midge she had been suspended outside the window most of her life.

"Then doubtless you overheard—?" Mr. Bates by now was frowning.

"I heard what you said about me. Of course I should have called and told you I was there, but—but I couldn't seem to think."

"Of course this changes everything," said Mr. Bates.

"You understand that, don't you?"

Midge nodded, too miserable for tears. She thought what the scholarship would have meant to her father, who joked about keeping his girls in school by the skin of his teeth because he needed some expensive dentistry he was postponing; she also understood why her mother referred to her winter coat as Old Faithful; and she realized why plans for a new roof had been abandoned in favor of patches. Oh, yes, she understood.

Freed from the harness, Midge started to leave the room. Mr. Hamilton patted her shoulder. "Now if you'll consent to go out by the door," he said, opening it for her.

She bolted through it just as the second alarm clock clattered noisily. (Continued on page 50)

(Continued on page 50)

JUST a moment! I want to put in a good word for the sky. Because, for a long time, it has seemed to me that the sky was being overlooked, was not receiving enough attention—or enough *appreciative* attention, for, of course, we all pay attention to the sky all the time. That is just the point: we have, I fear, come to take the sky too much for granted, without realizing how great a part it has in all our work and play and everything we do.

I do not want to talk about the sky from any encyclopedic angle, with its classification of the different kinds of clouds—cumulus, cirrus, cumulo-nimbus, and many more which make hard going in both spelling and pronunciation. Nor from the standpoint of the song writers and the poets who bring in the sky a good deal; they are constantly writing *love* and *above*, and *skies* and *eyes*, and *blue* and *true*, but I think they are rather hampered by their medium and perhaps can not say all they might wish to in favor of it. They are pretty busy making the lines the right length and having the ends rhyme. I am glad that, in prose, one can pay a tribute to the sky just about as freely as he likes, mak-



ing the lines and the sentences any length he chooses, and only stopping when he comes to a period. (Subject to some editorial persuasions, of course.)

No, I want to take up the sky as a constant, an inseparable friend of ours, almost as a household adjunct, for we consult it nearly as often as we do our clocks and watches. And while these have much to do with our comings and goings, the sky influences us in these, too, and much more; it greatly affects our feelings and our whole dispositions. If the sky, offended, is dull and leaden, our spirits droop. As the Brothers Grimm have it, "as dismal as three wet days." And at signs of clearing, how we brighten up!

In most New England villages there is a line, a remark—it is not a joke exactly—which is reserved for and is the property of the oldest inhabitant. It proceeds like a game and it must be played just so. The right time is when the umbrellas have come down, but are still dripping. And you must say, "Well, Uncle Ezra, do you think it's going to clear up?" And he of the spare, bent figure, grown old in years and in tolerance and in optimism, says, with a twinkle in his eye, "Well, it always hez."



A Plea

Written
&
Illustrated





for the

by

Orson Lowell

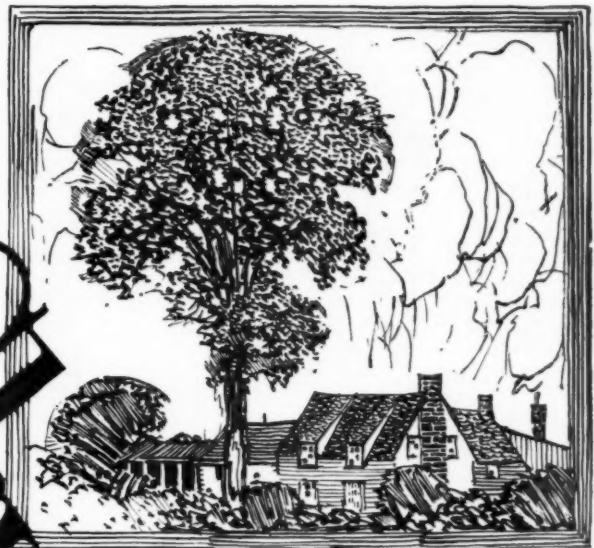


The sky is the first thing we take stock of every morning as we put the shades up and look out to see if we are to have a cheerful day, or a downcast one. So many things we want to do are bright-day things. Well, picnics, for instance. I remember my mother used to say, after a sweeping scrutiny, "No, children, I'm afraid that is not a picnic sky."



Our family was a large one—we were a whole picnic by ourselves without calling up any of the neighbors. Outdoor eats were our delight, and once, when we had gone out under a dubious sky, I recall that the farmer looked over the stone wall upon our feast and, after some talk, remarked as he turned away, "Looks like it might rain. Hope it will. Corn's dryin' up." I was very young, but not too young to realize that our tastes in skies could never be reconciled.

Perhaps I am a sky worshiper. There are sun worshipers, I know, and I can understand that. I would not for worlds offend them by speaking disparagingly of it, but after all the sun *is* a quitter and walks out when the whistle blows, or the bell rings. At Fort Slocum they fire a cannon at



evening and the sun has never yet failed to quit promptly. And the moon, on the night shift, taking over the sun's work, has many enthusiastic admirers. It, too, at daybreak, reaches for its hat. But the sky is with us all the time. While it may not always please us, it never lets us down, runs out on us, goes on strike, sits down, or asks for a day off. No one ever looked out of his bedroom window of a morning to find the sky not there. Well, doesn't this sort of constancy deserve a word of appreciation?

Without the sky we couldn't have birds. How they love it! Imagine being without skylarks, and swallows at nightfall, and all our feathered friends who exult in it, singing gayly as they flash their brilliant colors across it. True, there are the cowbirds and the starlings and other walkers, land birds, but they hardly count. It is worth a thought that these are drab, morose fellows, dull-colored, with few friends, and seldom a note the ear relishes.

The farmer works with one eye on the sky all the time. In so many instances it is the sky which determines *what* he is to do and *when*. There are skies for plowing and for planting, and skies for harvest- (Continued on page 46)

THANK YOU, BEATRICE

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

When Lofty Ryder counted his blessings he didn't include Bushy, but this time he was forced to admit she was a blessing in disguise

MARJORIE OLMSTED looked in at the door of the boathouse where she more than half expected to see her friend, Edward Lofting Ryder. The boathouse, newly furbished and decorated by the Offshore Club, was in readiness for the annual banquet of that select society, which opened, for them, the summer season. Lofty Ryder, secretary and orator, was supposed to be putting the finishing touches to the festoons of signal flags that adorned the place, but though Margie Olmsted waited about for some time, Lofty failed to appear. There did appear, however, his young sister, Bushy, who crawled up on the boat skid like Venus in a weather-beaten bathing suit, rising from the waves.

"Hullo, sea urchin," greeted Margie. "You'd better not drip in *here*."

"Don't intend to," replied Bushy, spitting out a piece of rockweed. She nevertheless poked her head in at the wide door and gazed about critically. "They've outdone themselves," she commented, as her eyes strayed from object to nautical object with which the boathouse was adorned. "I don't suppose they've dragged in any of the food yet," she added hopefully, with a penetrating look around.

"Well, hardly," laughed Margie, "seeing it's not till to-morrow night. You can't come, I suppose?"

"I," said Bushy coldly, "am not a member of the so-called Offshore Club, once known as the Boathouse Bunch."

"I do think it's a little rough on you," Margie sympathized. "But time will remedy that, you know."

"By the time I'm old enough to belong to the beastly thing," said Bushy, "I'll be so doddering I shan't want to. Not that I do want to," she put in hastily. "Banquets—pah! Evening clothes—pooh! The only point in a banquet is the food, and you could eat that just as well down on the rocks in your old clothes—better, in fact. Bother! I *have* dripped on their floor, after all; but it's too bad if boathouses can't be dripped on. This one is turning into a ballroom, it seems."

"Have you seen your brother?" Margie asked, as Bushy paused for breath. "He was supposed to be here, fixing flags, but I guess I won't wait."

"Never wait for him," Bushy advised. "He's unaccountable, to put it mildly."

But when Margie had gone, Bushy herself began wondering where Lofty was.

"Not that it matters," she thought. "Not that it matters a tot nor a jittle—no, that's not it!—a jit nor a tottle—a jot nor a—oh, well, it just doesn't matter. How dull of them not to have brought any of the food yet!"

BUSHY SAW TO HER AMAZEMENT THAT THE INTRUDER WAS HER BROTHER LOFTY



Illustrated by LESLIE TURNER



AS BUSHY APPROACHED THE ROCK, SHE BECAME AWARE OF FAINT MOANS AND MUTTERINGS WHICH AROSE FROM THE OTHER SIDE

She gave up the boathouse as a possible source of anything edible, and strolled off along the shore, occasionally scaling a stone into the shallows. There was her favorite rock a little farther on—a grand place to bask. But as Bushy approached her chosen sunning place, she became aware of faint moans and mutterings which rose from behind the upthrust rocky mass. She came to a dead stop, listening—and watching. For now and then a hand was tossed above the level of the stone in a wide, wild gesture. Then the muttering would continue.

"It sounds too calm for a murder," Bushy told herself. "It must be a crazy person."

A less hardy soul than Beatrice Ryder might have fled from the unknown behind the rock. She, however, prepared to approach.

"The thing to do," she decided, "is to humor 'em. If they think they're Napoleon, or a puppy dog or something, let 'em."

SHE walked boldly around the rock and came face to face with her brother, Edward Lofting, whose mouth stuck open in the midst of a mutter. His upraised hand remained on high in a threatening fashion.

"How disappointing!" said Bushy. "Here I thought I'd fallen into a mystery—and it's just you. You're supposed to be up at the boathouse fixing flags, according to Margie. She's been waiting hours for you. What are you doing, by the way? You haven't got a sunstroke or anything, have you?"

But Lofty, having delivered a parting scowl and mutter, was already leaping along the shore.

"Too late, now!" yelled Bushy. "She went home! The flags are there, of course, if that's why you're hurrying." Lofty paid no attention, but rather increased his speed.

"Well," said Bushy, as she stretched herself on the rock, "I can sun myself in peace, anyhow, without that gibbering going on."

Whether Lofty arranged flags, or went after Margie, did not particularly interest Bushy. The absence of food was the only item which marred her sun bath at the moment, and even speculation on the cause of her brother's mumblings and gesticulations did not trouble her drowsy contentment as she gazed up into the infinitely blue summer sky, with gulls hovering high against it.

But it was quite another matter to have her night's rest broken in upon. Bushy never did things by halves—when she ate, she ate; when she slept, she slept deeply and appreciatively. That same night, therefore, she awoke with proper annoyance when the door of her room creaked open, and an unexplained sighing and thudding made her tingle uneasily into full consciousness. The luminous hands of her alarm clock marked a quarter to three, and beyond its

phosphorescent face she dimly perceived a shadowy, whitish figure that wavered near the door. As it advanced uncertainly into the patch of moonlight by the window, she saw, to her considerable amazement, that it was Lofty. His pajamas and his tousled hair indicated that he had arisen from his bed—but he held some sheets of paper in one hand, while with the other he made feeble and meaningless gestures. Bushy, sitting up indignantly, was about to demand an explanation for the strange nocturnal visitation, when, turning a blank countenance to the moon, her brother spoke aloud.

"Fellow members of the Offshore Club," he babbled, "on this singularly felicitous and auspicious occasion, it is my inestimable privilege to address you—"

"In the name of all that's hideous," hissed Bushy, "why must you come prowling in here to say anything like *that*, at this time of night?"

Lofty fixed her with an unseeing eye, and started again with some effort.

"On this sing-singularly felicitous and auspicious occasion—"

"I was right," Bushy told herself, fascinated with horror. "It was a crazy person this afternoon! He's gone off his head at last, poor boy. Should I call Mother, or just try to distract his attention?"

But Lofty, by now, had blundered vaguely out into the hall—and, in a moment more, Bushy heard the substantial creak of his bed in the next room, followed immediately by a loud and healthy snore. Only then did it dawn upon her that he had been walking in his sleep.

"So that's what it does to him to have a speech on his mind," she marveled. "'On this singularly felicitous and auspicious occasion—' My soul and body! Why, imagine being able to say that awake, let alone in your sleep!"

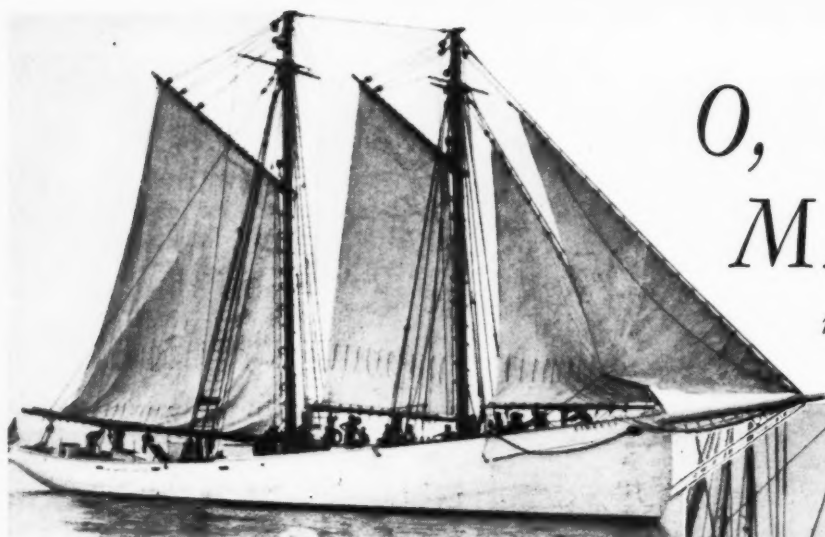
She lay down, feeling her jaw to be sure that it was undamaged by her attempt at pronouncing Lofty's impressive phrases. Still whispering, "'It is my inestimable privilege to address you,'" she fell asleep in the midst of shaking her head in astonishment.

A smart breeze was blowing in from the bay and brilliant sunshine had dispelled ghostly memories of the night when the Ryder family assembled for breakfast on the veranda. Lofty, looking preoccupied, was already buttering his toast when Bushy arrived a little late, and, pulling out her chair, said lightly, "Well, and how is Lady Macbeth this morning?"

"Meaning me?" her brother inquired.

"None other," said Bushy. "The sleep-walking scene took place in my room at exactly two forty-five A. M., Eastern Daylight-Saving Time."

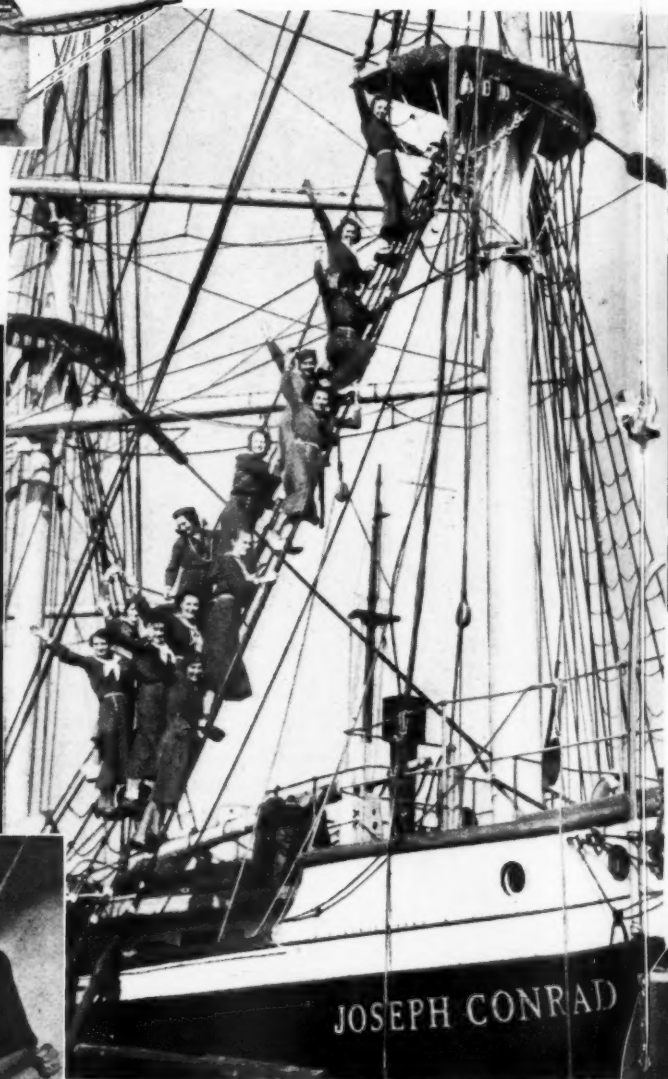
"Pish!" retorted Lofty. "What (Continued on page 38)



O, THE STORM MAY BLOW

may not "go skipping to the top," th

THE GOOD SHIP "LIBERTY" WITH CANVAS BILLOWING AND A HARD-
WORKING CREW OF GIRL SCOUT MARINERS ABOARD AS SHE SAILED
ON A MARINER CRUISE LAST SUMMER. THIS YEAR THE SCHOONER
"YANKEE" WILL MAKE EIGHT ONE-WEEK CRUISES UP THE NEW
ENGLAND COAST AND THROUGH LONG ISLAND SOUND



Photograph by Paul Parker

UPPER LEFT: TWO MARINERS OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA,
INSPECT THE MODEL OF AN OCEAN LINER FLOATING
ON A QUIET POOL IN THEIR SKIPPER'S GARDEN



LOWER LEFT: THREE MARINERS OF PORTLAND, ORE-
GON, TAKE TURNS AT THE WHEEL, LEARNING HOW TO
KEEP THEIR SHIP TRUE TO ITS CHARTED COURSE

Photograph by Peggy Boyer

ARMY WINDS

W—but even though the Girl Scout Mariners
top, there's not a single landlubber among them



Photograph by IPS—Hollywood

HOW TO SHOOT THE SUN IS A MYSTERIOUS PROCESS TO LANDLUBBERS, BUT IT WILL HOLD NO SECRETS FROM THESE THREE CALIFORNIA MARINERS AFTER THEY'VE ABSORBED THIS LESSON

BELOW: GIRL SCOUT MARINERS ARE AS MUCH AT HOME IN THE WATER AS ON IT! HERE ARE TWO SWIMMERS AT CAMP ANN BAILEY IN WEST VIRGINIA



Photograph by Paul Parker

THE SHIP'S CAT HOLDS COURT WITH THREE SINCERE ADMIRERS

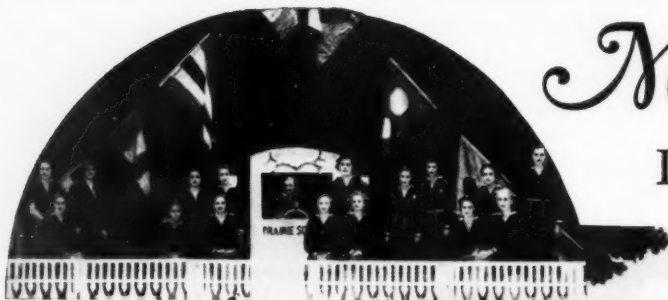
LEFT: AHOY THERE BELOW! MARINERS OF FOUR EASTERN STATES VISITED ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING FOUR-MASTED SHIPS YET SAILING THE SEVEN SEAS WHEN THE "JOSEPH CONRAD" WAS IN PORT AT TEBO'S BASIN, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK



AT LEFT: THESE TWO EXPERT MARINERS HAVE SO PERFECTED THEIR CANOEING TECHNIQUE THAT THEY ARE ABLE TO EMPTY A SUBMERGED CANOE OF WATER, LOAD IT ATHWART ANOTHER CANOE, AND PADDLE IT TO SHORE



Photograph by Paul Parker



WHEN THE "PRAIRIE SCHOONER" WAS LAUNCHED AT KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

A JACK TAR CRUISE

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA:

*'Twas Saturday morn when the tars set sail
And as they found no stormy gale,
They hauled up the burgee with a lusty shout,
Pulled up the anchor, and started out!*

With her crew of six eager Jack Tars, the *Diablo* slipped out of Balboa Bay and headed northward up the coast. We tars had been welcomed aboard at six bells by the skipper, Mrs. Pedder. In a very short time we had our sea bags stowed away, our bunks made up, and had become acquainted with the ship's rigging. At the command of the skipper each girl stood by, ready to man the sails and make fast the sheets. This done, watches were assigned, and we all settled down to enjoy for a while the swift pace of a racing yacht under full sail.

At the first signal from the helmsman we scrambled to the sheets, alert for her next command. "Ready about!" she shouted and the *Diablo* heeled over gracefully as we headed her out toward Cherry Cove at Catalina Island, where the movie producers so love to film South Sea Island pictures. What a thrill it was as we each took our turn at the wheel and held the ship to her course in the teeth of a stiff breeze!

Whoops! What's happened below? Some one, it seems, wasn't used to the slanting floors and lost her sea legs. You should have seen poor Heinie, the cook, attempting to make stew on a stove that insisted on assuming a 45° angle. But he had his turn to laugh when we all gathered below to eat. It really was a funny sight. We sat around a table that was made to stay level, no matter which way the rest of the boat might tilt. On one side of the table everyone was leaning forward, and on our side we found ourselves nearly lying down.

After a swift but restful sail we finally glided into the Cove and fastened to our moorings. The rest of the afternoon was spent rowing around the Cove, seeing all there was to see and trying out a sail in the skiff.

At the end of a perfect day, the girls sought their bunks and were lulled to sleep by the gentle rocking of the boat and the lapping of the waves.

"All hands on deck!" was the cry that roused us out of bed the next morning at four bells, to begin our second exciting day aboard. Some of us scurried topside and began energetically to polish brass and scrub the decks, while others stayed below and prepared breakfast.

Soon, the savory aroma of our first meal of the day drifted up through the hatchway, and the polishers, whose appetites had been sharpened by their work in the cool air, made for the table in "nothing flat."



A WHITE SAIL AGAINST BLUE WATERS AND AN EMERALD HILL

"Where's the fishing pole?" cried some one as we all rushed up on deck and leaned over the rail to watch the many schools of gaily colored fish moving swiftly through the graceful seaweed.

Soon it was eight bells and time to hoist the colors. Also—

*"Diablo" was painted on the mooring,
But Heinie and the sailboat soon were luring
All the Mariners out to sea
Where they dumped the garbage to windward
or to lee.*

After sailing and rowing and a refreshing swim, came preparations for Scouts' Own.

Soon after lunch we made everything ship-shape, cast off from our mooring, hoisted the sails, and were again enjoying the gentle roll of a freed boat as we started home. It was a much lazier and slower trip than we had had the day before. The wind was gentle and almost directly back of us, so that the sails were far reaching.

Splicing and fancy knots were the brain-twisters for awhile, as we sat about on the warm deck trying to figure out the difference between a short splice, a long splice, an eye splice, and a back splice. In the midst of all this complicated thinking, the boat did a bit of a gybe, gave a sudden lurch, and a box with several nearly finished fids went overboard and was left far behind in our wake.

As the sun began to set, we were still quite a distance from shore so we decided to have our dinner before we dropped anchor. Much later, as we approached the breakwater, we took down our sails and did some monkey-wrench sailing—in other words we made use of the auxiliary. Chugging steadily and smoothly through Balboa Bay in the cool, dark night was a thrill and a fine finishing touch to the grandest cruise we have ever experienced.

*Thanks to Mrs. Pedder and to her crew,
Thanks to Jib, and also to Pooh!
Their patience and guidance we remember yet
And this Jack Tar Cruise we'll never forget.*

Edith Crandall and Clara Slater



Photograph by Paul Parker
MARINERS STUDY THE COMPASS ON
A VISIT TO THE "JOSEPH CONRAD"

THE "PRAIRIE SCHOONER"

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI: Ho, for the twenty-sixth floor, ye Mariners of the good Ship *Prairie Schooner*! That may seem rather odd, but the place where the Mariners meet every Tuesday is on the twenty-sixth floor of the Kansas City Power and Light Building. With this altitude it sounds like a flying Ship, but it's just a good ole prairie schooner!

So far we have been only land cruising and, although we really have no oceans in sight, in time we intend to use our few sizable lakes, not to mention the waters of the muddy Missouri. There are even rumors of a joint cruise on the Mississippi, with a jolly crew of St. Louis. The Kansas City schools, in their fine offering of water skills, have already laid the foundation for the Mariner program.

Of course it is never easy for a group to

HAVE FUN and from WIND and WEATHER



TWO MARINERS OF KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, ATTEMPT A CANOE-BOBbing FEAT



WITH PADDLES RAISED IN SALUTE, FOUR CANOE-LOADS OF DETROIT GIRL SCOUTS LOOK FORWARD WITH JOY TO THEIR HOURS ON THE WATER



A WHITE HORSE CUT FROM CARDBOARD DRAWS THE FLOAT WHICH BEARS THE WATER QUEEN AND HER MAIDENS AT THE WATER PAGEANT, MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

choose a name, and this was no less true for us Mariners. Discussion flowed freely for at least three meetings with *Betsy Ann* leading. This is a boat, still in use, that presented the most exciting history of any Mississippi river boat. The *Betsy Ann* boasts of a book written in her name by Fredrick Way, Jr. from whom we received a letter when he learned of our christening.

But all the crew did not take the name to heart, so when someone laughingly suggested calling our ship *Prairie Schooner* the idea was immediately seized. A schooner is most nautical, of course, and the prairie schooner characteristic of our Covered Wagon Region. So our Mariner Ship is the *Prairie Schooner* with the history of the *Betsy Ann*.

On November fourteenth, on the snowy white deck of the *Prairie Schooner*, as staged in Edison Hall of the Kansas City Power and Light Building, thirteen midshipmites were signed on as crew by Skipper Goodnow with the aid of First Mates Hadden and Betz. Thereafter, two boatswains and two coxswains, a yeoman, the super-cargo, two chantey

men, a signaler, a ship's surgeon, a pilot, and several sailors were on board.

These are the beginnings of the *Prairie Schooner*; and now 1938 holds forth visions of many years of happy cruising with sister Ships.

Jean Goodrich

AN OVERNIGHT TRIP

BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND: On September 11, 1937, the Girl Scout Mariner Ship *Vigilant* of Bristol, Rhode Island, took an overnight trip to Prudence Island, site of the first Girl Scout camp in Rhode Island. We left in the *Bubble*, a small power boat owned by our skipper, with all our paraphernalia, comprised mostly of food, sea bags, and blanket rolls.

As we pulled into Homestead Wharf the weather was certainly against us, for huge rain drops covered everything in the open boat. Nevertheless, we defied the weather and hired an old broken-down car, one of the finest on the island, and had our goods transported to the

cottage where we were to spend the week-end.

Immediately everyone was busy choosing springs on which to lay their blankets. As there were not enough to go around, some of the more courageous ones slept on the bare floor.

We were divided into watches to cook meals, clean up, etc. For our first meal we had Boston beans, brown bread, hot dogs, relishes, coffee, and delicious homemade cake from the mainland. There was a shortage of silverware which made it necessary for some of us to eat with two knives and a spoon, or vice versa.

After clean up, port watch provided an entertainment which lasted all evening. There were all kinds of contests with prizes for the winners.

At six bells in the first watch we retired to our bunks. During the night the weather cleared and the stars shone brightly.

At six bells in the morning watch we dressed and once more divided into watches. Breakfast was served hurriedly for those who left early to journey to church. It seemed that the mosquitoes were also religious that morning.

In the meantime the *Bubble*, towing the *Velita*, a sixteen foot sloop, and the *Glory B*, an eleven-and-a-half foot dinghy, returned from Bristol, bringing Mr. Herreshoff with his two sons and the pilot, as guests for dinner.

Those who were not busy preparing dinner enjoyed swimming from the beach and sailing in the two sailboats.

We had planned to dine on the beach, cooking our food in an ideal natural fireplace, but toward noon the wind came up and the tide rose so high we were forced to abandon our plan. We served dinner in the camp dining room, instead.

What a dinner that was! It consisted of all the left-overs from the previous meals—beans, brown bread, hot dogs, eggs, bacon, potatoes, carrots, onions, tomato juice, coffee, cake, and pickles. This conglomeration was topped off with a box of chocolates presented by the pilot.

A scavenger hunt for seashore articles was the feature of the afternoon.

Now thoughts turned to home as we packed our sea bags, which were transported once more in our fashionable car to the dock where the *Bubble* was moored.

The skipper and two of the crew set sail in the *Velita*. The rest boarded the *Bubble*. It was a wonderful trip home, although the wind had died down considerably and we were soon forced to tow the three courageous sailors.

The whole trip was a great success and we are all looking forward to another this summer.

Clara DeWolf Herreshoff

MARINERS, AHOY!

Who are the Mariners and what do they do? These and other questions are answered by ANNE L. NEW of National Headquarters



JOLLY SAILING WEATHER . . .

*"Then in the sunset's flush they went aloft
And unbent sails in that most lovely hour
When the light gentles and the wind is soft,
And beauty in the heart breaks like a flower."*
From *Daubers* by John Masefield

THERE'S magic in the sea. And there has always been a spell on those who loved the sea and understood the lore of great waters. It is a kindly spell, compounded of a whiff of tar borne on a damp breeze, the chain's clank as the anchor plummets seaward, the friendly warning of a foghorn on a misty morning, a moment of shouting ecstasy when the clipper breaks out all sail and runs before the wind, a moment of silent awe when land disappears and only the unanswered question of the sea remains. It is an old spell, as old as adventures shared and hardships cheerfully surmounted. It is a potent spell, transforming everyday tasks into part of a glamorous enterprise. And it is a spell which may descend upon anyone, young or old, man or woman, boy or girl.

Back in 1926, a group of older American Girl Scouts who lived near the ocean began experimenting with new ways to interpret the old comradeship of the sea. They took as their starting points the ideas that had been developed by the Sea Rangers, the marine branch of the British Girl Guides, but they quickly found that they would need to work out a program based on the resources of American waterways. Out of their planning and experiments, and out of the wise counsel of older men and women who had already learned the "rules of the road" came the Girl Scout Mariners.

The Senior Girl Scouts, of whom the Mariners are one group, do all sorts of things which interest girls who are fourteen years of age or more: play producing, camping, horseback riding, giving gay parties, offering serious community service, and many other things. But the Mariners are the nautical minded girls who live somewhere near the water—a lake, a river, or the ocean itself. The Mariners are the girls who read *Treasure Island*—and never quite forgot Long John Silver, girls who stood on the shore and knew, with Masefield, that the dirty little freighters plodding past keep their own secrets of far ports and exotic cargoes no less than that.

"Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,

"Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine

With a cargo of ivory

"And apes and peacocks,

"Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine."



AND A HAY-HARVEST BREEZE . . .

And, having fallen under the spell of the sea, the Mariners must give a salty tang to their interpretation of many things that all Senior Girl Scouts do.

The skipper (who must be at least twenty-one years old) is the leader of a Mariner "Ship" (which is what the group is called). Her assistants (who must be at least eighteen years old) are called mates. From eight to twenty-four girls may get together and form a Ship under the leadership of their skipper and the sponsorship of three older people who will act as a pilot committee, helping the Mariners maintain high standards in all they do. As for the girls themselves, any girl who is fourteen years old, passes the Tenderfoot Girl Scout test, can swim fifty yards, and has a satisfactory health record may become a Mariner after paying her annual membership dues of fifty cents. And after that, what does she do? Rather, what doesn't she do!

Not every Mariner Ship can set sail for

Port Said, or Hong Kong, to-morrow. But every Mariner Ship can find adventure on the Seven Seas although the Mariners stay safe at home—and many of them do. Planning an imaginary trip around the world, with each meeting devoted to a discussion of a different port, means fun and new experiences. Food of each foreign land studied is eaten, stories about the country are told, costumes and objects of interest are brought in, new understanding of other peoples and their ways is gained. The "make-believe" world cruise of the Girl Scout Mariner Ship *Discovery* of Chicago stopped at Hawaii when a Hawaiian student at National College came to its meeting and told of the island's beauties, its picturesque harbors, and its water sports. The *Bounty* of Newark, New Jersey, was blown off its course on its stay-at-home, round-the-world cruise, and the crew spent a surprise evening in Yokohama as guests of their skipper's aunt who had lived for many years in Japan and knew how to give them a real Japanese party right in their own club room in Newark.

EVERY Mariner Ship has a name, often the name of some brave, tall-masted ship which made sailing history in her day. To know the traditions of her ship and to uphold them with all her might is one of the first responsibilities of every Mariner. *Sovereign of the Seas*, greatest of the great, gilded warships of the British navy before the days of steam; *Half Moon*, audacious little ship captained by Hendrik Hudson when he sailed between the towering banks of the broad river to which he gave his name—these and others like them are words to call anyone to adventure.

Sometimes the adventure takes the form of a week's real cruising along our coast. Last summer Mariners weighed anchor from a dozen ports in schooners and other vessels, taking their tricks at the wheel, manning the ropes, hoisting sail, and swabbing the deck like true able-bodied seamen. They went up the east coast from Chesapeake Bay, they came rolling down from Gloucester, they sailed out of the Golden Gate, they ventured bravely into the Great Lakes. And they took one trip that was meant to last twenty minutes and actually lasted almost two hours and a half—the instructive cruise of the *Mermouse*.

The *Mermouse* is the gaff-rigged sloop built by the skipper and third mate of the *Effie M. Morrissey*, Mariner Ship of Manhattan. Since the *Mermouse* is sixteen feet long, only two girls and the skipper could try out their seamanship in it at one time. They hoisted sail for a twenty-minute trial run on a peaceful summer afternoon. The only event which marred the departure was the suggestion from one of the crew that they'd better take an eggbeater in case the wind died down. This suggestion was dismissed too lightly, as it turned out. The sloop got out all right, but it couldn't get back—at least, not under sail. The wind dropped completely, the tide was running the wrong way, and no matter how craftily the Mariners tacked, no breeze was to be caught. Like good sailors, the Mariners met the emergency in the only way it could be met—they forgot their pride and

rowed. They reached home in two hours, reporting no blisters, a rousing if somewhat ungentle reception, and a determination to try it again when there was at least a breath of air stirring.

Most Mariners don't own their own boats. Sometimes they own little ones, a canoe, a dory, a dinghy, or occasionally a small sloop like the *Mermouse*. But a big boat is too much of an expense for most girls, and Mariners solve their sea-going problem by borrowing boats (for which they pay by calking seams, scraping, repainting, and polishing), or chartering boats for short cruises or special occasions.

The Mariners like to make their own money to pay for such rentals, to decorate their meeting places, and to carry on the useful and helpful work for others that is part of the friendly tradition of the seas. They raise the money through activities in fields that are common to all Senior Girl Scouts: arts and crafts, dramatics, homemaking, nature, music, dancing, and many others. It's only a matter of a little thought to give these activities a nautical turn. Wide interests supply ideas for interesting Ship projects as well as for earning money. Arts and crafts? The Mariners of the Wilmington, Delaware, Ship take orders and make knotted belts for sports costumes. Dramatics? What about a play like "Captain Applejack" with a rousing pirate atmosphere? Homemaking? Candy paid for the Ship's equipment of the *Half Moon* of Hillsboro, Oregon, and cookies are helping to buy a boat for the *Sea Gull* of Camas, Washington. Picking blueberries and selling them helped, too.

WHEN the crew of the *Mermaid* of Birmingham, Alabama lost their camp by fire and learned that the truck they had been using was unsafe for further driving, they were not in the least daunted. They promptly planned an imaginary cruise through the Gulf, starting from Pensacola, going up the coast to Boston, then by air to Chicago, and back to Birmingham. They served luncheons daily from twelve to two P. M., and each day the menu was made up of foods appropriate to the day's port of call—fried chicken for Charleston, baked ham for Norfolk, beans for Boston. The luncheons helped pay for the truck and the Mariners learned a lot, not only about the American coast line but about meal planning on a large scale, for they did all the work themselves.

Mariners with money in the treasury and Mariners with nothing on hand but great expectations are always on the lookout for distress signals. One of the ways to help the United States Merchant Marine, which has been so much in the papers lately, is to follow the lead of the Mariner Ship *Penola* of Pensacola, Florida, which has adopted a ship under the auspices of the Women's Organization for the Advancement of the American Merchant Marine. Other Mariners have joined the Grenfell Association which helps the seafaring folk of the far North. Collecting books for the Merchant Marine Library Association has been fun for many Mariner Ships, and sometimes the girls have been able to help old seamen, or their families, who may be in need. Because comfort and often life itself at sea depend on the coöperation of all for the common good, the Mariners learn to have a very clear understanding of the team work and fellowship that is part of all Girl Scouting.

For the Mariners who can't take a coastwise cruise, a canoe trip through the Adirondacks, or a steamer voyage (Continued on page 33)



AS LIKE AS TWO PEAS IN A POD

And as smart as they come. Tailored lines with feminine details. A delicious palm green color in a practical, washable percale as soft as silk. Becomingly fitted at hips and shoulders, but comfortably full and flatteringly flared. In truth—a pajama-and-housecoat-ensemble hard to beat and bound to please.

8-410 Pajamas. Sizes: small, medium and large.....\$2.00
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GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
14 West 49th Street

National Equipment Service
New York, New York

DO YOU KNOW YOUR



VEGETABLES—GARDEN-FRESH AND FULL OF VITAMINS

VEGETABLES?

There are plenty of things to know about vegetables, not the least of which is how long to cook each kind

J
A
N
E

C
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DID you ever play the game called "Vegetable Basket"? The first player starts by saying, "I went to market and bought some asparagus for my basket," or "artichokes," or any vegetable beginning with the letter "a." The second continues, "I went to market and bought some asparagus and some beets for my basket," repeating the first vegetable and adding another that starts with "b." Each new player repeats all the vegetables that have been mentioned and adds a new one for the next letter of the alphabet—until some one fails to mention one that has been given before, or cannot add a new name, then this player must drop out. And on it goes until only the winner remains!

It's lots of fun, grand for the memory, and will send you scurrying to look up uncommon names so you won't be caught next time. Of course the "b's" and "c's" and "p's" are easy; and here is a suggestion for making the game more interesting for the unfortunates who draw "i" or "v"—and incidentally making it harder for everyone to remember. Allow the player to include a descriptive adjective, as "iron-rich spinach" or "vitamin valuable carrots"—if those vegetables haven't been given before.

Knowing the names of vegetables doesn't mean a real acquaintance with them, any more than knowing a person's name makes her your friend. You'll want to be able to recognize each one when you meet it, to appreciate its good qualities, and—unlike your treatment of your friends—to know exactly how to use that vegetable so it will do everything possible for you.

Nutritionists tell us that we should eat, each day, two vegetables other than potatoes; that one of them should be raw, or lightly cooked; and that leafy and yellow vegetables should be included as frequently as possible. For vegetables furnish needed bulk in our diet, and are one of the best sources of those vitamins and minerals that are so essential to keeping us in good health.

When raw vegetables are served as a salad or a relish, we get the benefit of all their color, texture, and flavor, as well as their food

value. But cooked vegetables are frequently another story—and a sad story at that! No wonder we rebel at the soft, discolored, strange tasting specimens that only too often make their appearance! And no wonder we push them aside and decide we don't like vegetables after all! It really isn't the fault of the vegetable—it's the cooking that is to blame. Always try to cook vegetables you will be proud to serve; it is easy, if you follow a few general rules.

1. Select the freshest, crispest, cleanest vegetables you can find. Those of you who have gardens are fortunate, for no vegetables can compare with those that are freshly gathered just before cooking. If you are a Girl Scout, your Handbook has some excellent pointers on selecting vegetables; look them over before you go to the market.

2. Prepare vegetables carefully. Wash or

scrub them until clean, and cut away any spots or bruises. If wilted, let them stand in cold water until crisp. And be sure to soak cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, and broccoli for half an hour in cold salted water to draw out any adventurous insects that may be exploring the tight heads. Be stingy in paring vegetables, for minerals and vitamins lie close to the skin. If you dice, slice, or shred vegetables, have them in pieces of uniform size so they will cook quickly and evenly.

3. Cook vegetables quickly and only *until just tender*. That's the secret of color, flavor, and food value. Use salted water—usually about one and one-half teaspoons of salt to a quart of water—and have it boiling rapidly when the vegetable goes in. Some need a very little water, others a large amount; some vegetables should be covered while they cook, others cook better when the lid is left off. You will find all this information summarized, as well as the cooking times required, in the Vegetable Cooking Chart with this article. Remember that the cooking time is influenced by the age and freshness of the vegetable, so don't depend entirely on the clock. Test the vegetables with a fork around the time they should be cooked and whisk them off the fire the minute they're done. It's much wiser to reheat, if necessary, than to overcook.

4. Season vegetables before serving. First drain off what liquid there is remaining. But don't throw it away (except with some of the strongly flavored vegetables) for it contains

*Vegetable Cooking Chart**

Vegetable	Amount to buy for 4	Amount Boiling Salted Water	Cook Covered or Uncovered	Cooking Time Minutes
Artichokes	2 to 4	Water to cover	Uncovered	25-40
Asparagus	1 large bunch	Water to cover	Uncovered	15-25
Beans, green and wax	1 pound	Water to cover	Uncovered	30-40
Beans, Lima	2-3 pounds	Water to cover	Uncovered	30-40
Beets, young	1½ pounds	Water to cover	Covered	30-60
Beets, old	1 pound	Large amount	Covered	2-3 hours
Broccoli	1 bunch	Large amount	Uncovered	10-15
Brussels sprouts	1 quart	Large amount	Uncovered	9-12
Cabbage	1½ pounds	Large amount	Uncovered	8-15
Carrots	1 pound	Water to cover	Covered	10-25
Cauliflower	1 head (2 lbs.)	Large amount	Uncovered	15-20
Celery	1 bunch	Water to cover	Uncovered	20-30
Corn (on cob)	4-8 ears	Water to cover	Covered	6-10
Dandelion greens	1 pound	Large amount	Uncovered	20-30
Kale	1 pound	Large amount	Uncovered	25-30
Kohlrabi	1 pound	Large amount	Uncovered	25-40
Onions	1 pound	Large amount	Uncovered	20-40
Parsnips	1 pound	Water to cover	Uncovered	30-40
Peas	2 pounds	Small amount	Uncovered	15-30
Potatoes, white	1 pound (5 to 8)	Water to cover	Covered	30-40
Potatoes, sweet	1 pound (4)	Water to cover	Covered	20-30
Rutabagas	1 pound	Large amount	Uncovered	30-45
Spinach	1 pound	Almost none	Cover first; then uncover	8-10
Squash, summer	2 pounds	Small amount	Covered	15-20
Tomatoes	1 pound	Almost none	Covered	20-30
Turnips	4-5 medium	Large amount	Uncovered	30-40
Turnip greens	1 pound	Large amount	Uncovered	30-40

*Use boiling salted water. 1½ teaspoons salt for each quart water; ½ to ¾ teaspoon salt when little or no water is used.

valuable food materials. Use this vegetable liquor in making sauces and soups. Season the vegetables with salt and pepper, by taste and not by guess. Mix in butter lightly—about one teaspoon for each serving. Vegetables may be served with a cream sauce, they may be scalloped, or served *au gratin*. These are grand ways, too, for using left-over vegetables.

Occasionally we like to do something different—to use vegetables as the main dish for luncheon, or supper, or to combine several vegetables in a way that makes you want more. In the recipes I'm giving you, I've tried to answer those wants and to use not only the spring and early summer vegetables, but those you'll want to try when days are colder. It has been said that the test of a real cook is a taste of her vegetables—here's a chance to qualify!

Beets in Sour Sauce

12 small beets, cut in 1/2 inch cubes (2 bunches or 1 No. 2 1/2 can)	1 teaspoon sugar
2 tablespoons butter	1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour	1/4 cup vinegar
1/2 cup beet water	1/4 cup light cream

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, and stir to a smooth paste. Add beet water and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add seasonings, vinegar, and cream. Combine with beets and heat together. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Egg Plant with Tomato

1 small egg plant (5 cups diced)	2 cups canned tomatoes
2 tablespoons minced onion	2 teaspoons sugar
2 tablespoons butter	1 teaspoon salt
	1/4 teaspoon pepper

MARINERS, AHOY!

through the Great Lakes, there are "land cruises." Mariners like to visit the weather bureau—for what real seaman can afford to ignore the weather, even for an hour? Manhattan Mariners visited the lightship service on Staten Island and the sail loft of a sailmaker on City Island. There are other sailmakers and other lightships to be visited and always, of course, the Coast Guard. The crew of the *Flying Cloud* of Natick, Massachusetts, visited the station of the Point Allerton Coast Guard at Hull. They explored everything, even the lookout tower, where they looked through the telescopes, read the log, and talked to the lookout man. And at the boathouse there was a breeches buoy drill for them. Three girls rode in the breeches buoy—one at a time, of course! And the girls felt that they had gained some understanding of the ways of the sea and the heroic work of the men who must stand ready to help others at all times, no matter what the risk to themselves.

WHO could tell of the Mariners without telling of Mariner games, those modern versions of ancient meetings at the crossroads of the sea! In the days of sailing vessels, when men aboard ship often had no news of the world for months at a time, chance meetings in mid-ocean were too precious to be wasted. A ship, meeting another, would heave to for a day while sailors wrote letters to be delivered when the stranger ship reached port, and all the crew exchanged news of the ports from which they had come. That was the game as our grandfathers knew it. To-day the game

Slice egg plant in 1/2-inch slices, peel, and cut in 1/2 inch cubes. Cook in boiling salted water 6 to 8 minutes, or until tender. Drain. Sauté onions in butter until delicately browned. Add tomatoes and seasonings and cook slowly 10 to 15 minutes. Add egg plant and heat together 5 to 10 minutes. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Scalloped Vegetables

Place layers of sliced or cubed cooked vegetables in a greased baking dish. One or more kinds of vegetables may be used. Cover each layer with cream sauce. (See recipe for Creamed Vegetables). Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) until crumbs are brown.

Vegetables Au Gratin

Prepare Scalloped Vegetables. Mix 1/2 cup grated American cheese with the buttered crumbs and bake until cheese is melted and crumbs are brown.

Lima Beans and Shrimps au Gratin

2 cups shelled Lima beans	1 1/4 cups milk
2 cups boiling water, salted	3/4 cup grated American cheese
1 cup shrimps	3/4 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter	Dash of pepper
1 1/2 tablespoons flour	1/2 cup fine bread crumbs, buttered

Cook Lima beans in briskly boiling salted water, about 30 minutes, or until tender; drain. Arrange Lima beans and shrimps in alternate layers in greased casserole. Melt butter in saucepan and stir in flour. Add milk gradually and cook until thickened,

stirring constantly. Add cheese and seasonings and blend. Pour over Lima beans and shrimps. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes, or until crumbs are browned. Serves 4 to 6. One cup of canned or fresh flaked salmon may be substituted for the shrimps, if you wish to vary the dish.

Baked Vegetable Loaf

5 tablespoons shortening	2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 medium-sized onion, chopped	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
3 tablespoons flour	1 cup cooked peas
2 cups milk or vegetable stock	1 cup cooked carrots
2 teaspoons salt	1 cup cooked string beans
1 1/2 teaspoon pepper	2 cups mashed potatoes
1 cup grated cheese	1 cup buttered crumbs

Melt shortening, add onion, and cook until golden brown. Stir in flour; then add milk gradually and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add seasoning and cheese; then remove from fire and add eggs and parsley. Combine vegetables lightly, shape into loaf in greased baking dish. Pour sauce over loaf, sprinkle with crumbs and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 45 minutes. Serves 8 to 10.

Creamed Vegetables

1 tablespoon shortening	1 cup milk
1 1/2 to 2 tablespoons flour	2 cups cooked vegetables
1/4 teaspoon salt	

Melt shortening, add flour and salt, and stir until smooth. Remove from fire and slowly add milk, stirring until mixture is blended and free from lumps. Cook slowly until sauce has thickened, stirring constantly. Then remove from stove and combine lightly with vegetables. Serves 4.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

has been revived as a Mariner get-together of almost any sort.

The Mariners of the *Golden Hind* (and what stirring traditions of the "spacious days of great Elizabeth" that name recalls!) gave a nature gam at Laguna Beach, California, near their home port, Pasadena. All the southern California Ships were invited and more than a hundred people attended. There followed a great day of scrambling over rocks and splashing through pools in search of specimens which might be examined and put back in the water, or preserved in formalin for a marine animals collection. Nature both by land and by sea is an important interest for many Senior Girl Scouts, but these West Coast Mariners found a peculiar fascination in combining nature with sea chauties. The mate of the *Golden Hind* led the singing, in spite of being handicapped by being attached to a small octopus which she was holding in a basin!

There are swimming games—sometimes with special emphasis on life saving practice. (Some Mariners, under the supervision of their leaders, have taught safety measures, first aid, and artificial respiration to troops of younger Girl Scouts). There are games for dramatics, and beach parties. In short, there is no end to the variety of good times and merry occasions that Mariner Ships, like other Senior Girl Scout groups, can plan and carry out.

The Girl Scout Mariner Ship *Ben H. Porter* of Auburn, New York, gave a highly successful "Codfish Ball" on New Year's Eve. They decorated the hall with strings of ships' flags

(made of brown paper painted on both sides) and balloons hung in nets along the sides of the room and the edge of the balcony. The stage of the hall was built out like the prow of a ship, and the name, *Ben H. Porter*, was lettered on it. In front of each member of the orchestra was a hand drawn poster of a fish playing a musical instrument. Entrance to the hall was up a gangplank and a sign, "Get Your Passports Here" indicated the ticket table. Refreshments were served. The Mariners reported plenty of work, plenty of fun for guests of all ages, and a profit of thirty-six dollars after all the expenses had been covered. The money earned helped to send some of the girls on a mariner cruise the following summer. Altogether it was a party from which any Senior Girl Scout group might get ideas.

Like other Senior Girl Scouts, the Mariners are constantly expanding the things they do, finding new and exciting possibilities in the towns and cities in which they live. A walk down the street where shop windows may display nautical objects, a visit to the aquarium with its strange guests from tropical waters, a "mackerel" sky at sunset—all take on new importance and meaning to the water-wise, weather-wise Mariners. Like keen-eyed seamen, they learn to keep their gaze on distant horizons, to make friends with people of distant lands. And when they go a-cruising, they learn how to divide the watches and order matters well, so that at bedtime they fall asleep like Kipling's small white seal, the "wee flipperling" who drowsed "safe in the arms of the slow-swinging seas."

LET'S HAVE A PICNIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

shredded cabbage with French dressing, I believe it was, but chicory, or lettuce, or any number of combinations would have done as well. Be sure to have the dressing well seasoned, and the greens fresh and crisp.

Another delicious picnic menu which you should try some day after a cold swim is broiled chickens, corn on the cob, chicory salad, and preserved or fresh strawberries.

Cut the broilers in quarters, or halves, and wipe with a clean, damp cloth before you pack them. Rub them with salt and pepper. Then wrap up well in waxed paper, or carry them in a covered dish. Just before broiling—and remember you must have glowing coals but no leaping flames—moisten the birds with melted butter seasoned with Worcestershire sauce, prepared mustard, and chopped onions. Broil in your long-handled grill, holding it near the coals until the meat is seared and then moving farther from the heat so as to cook more slowly. As the cooking proceeds, pour on a tablespoonful of the sauce from time to time. You should allow forty to forty-five minutes cooking time to make sure of having your broilers tender all the way through.

There are various ways of cooking green corn. You can husk it, and boil it in a big kettle of water on a grid set over the fire, or on a crane made of green poles. You can leave the corn in the husks, wrap it in wet newspapers, and bury it in the coals to steam. Or you can put the corn, husks and all, into a bucket of cold water and, after letting them soak for five minutes or so, throw them into your glowing coals. They will be ready in about seven minutes if the corn is properly tender and young.

To make chicory salad, wash and dry the tender parts of one or two heads of chicory—some people call it curly leafed endive—and combine it with chopped-up, hard-cooked eggs, some crisp bacon crumbled up, a few chopped-up chives or scallions, and mix with a tart French dressing.

If fresh raspberries are in season, you might use them instead of strawberries for your dessert. Wash and sweeten the berries and carry them in a glass jar. When dessert time comes, pour the berries into saucers or cups, and pass cream and sugar to be added to taste by the picnickers.

Other Menus for Outdoor Meals

I

Broiled Canadian Bacon Scrambled Eggs
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Tomato Salad
Chocolate Brownies
Milk

II

Potato Soup (made at home and heated over the fire)
Broiled Hamburgers (before packing, season with salt, pepper, onion, and Worcestershire sauce)
Buttered Rolls

Pickled Beets Cole Slaw
Apple Pie Cheese Coffee

III

Ham Loaf (heat up and serve with hot raisin sauce)
Fried Sweet Potatoes (parboiled at home. Slice at picnic and fry in butter)
Green Salad French Dressing
Fresh Fruit Compote
Coffee

Use whatever fruits are in season. Strawberries, pineapple, melon balls, bananas, etc. Cut up at home and keep cool in a glass jar in a bucket of ice, or in a thermos jug.

IV

Lamb Curry Rice
Fried Tomatoes
Pineapple and Cabbage Salad
Gingerbread and Cream
Coffee Milk

Make the curry at home and heat at the picnic. Also heat the boiled rice in a little butter. Slice the tomatoes rather thick, dust with cracker meal, and fry in a little bacon fat to a light brown.

V

Fried Fish (fresh caught by the picnickers)
Potato Cakes
Canned Tomatoes and Canned Corn (heated together)

Broiled Bacon (plenty of it in case no one catches any fish)

Watermelon

Coffee

The best way to fry fish is to wash and dry it well, roll in cornmeal, and fry in bacon fat. Fish is also delicious broiled on a grill. Put a slice of bacon inside the fish and have the grill well greased before you lay the fish on it. Be careful not to break the fish. Broil twenty to twenty-five minutes.

For the potato cakes, bring along some cold mashed potatoes. When ready to cook, make into flat cakes and fry in butter until golden brown.

Cut the watermelon for dessert at home. With a scoop, make balls of the pink center and put these into a large glass jar. Sprinkle with lime or lemon juice, sweeten slightly, and add a few crushed mint leaves. Cover tightly and carry packed in ice.

VI

Pancakes Sausages
Maple Syrup
Coffee Milk

This is for a day in the autumn. Take prepared pancake flour and sausages in their jackets. Reserve this menu for a very small picnic. It would be a mistake to undertake to fry pancakes for more than four.

VII

Welsh Rabbit Crackers
Tomato and Cucumber Salad
Broiled Apricots halved
Coffee Milk

This is another easy one, though you have to watch the rabbit carefully so as not to overcook. Let the picnickers toast their own apricots on green sticks.

THERE are days in the summer when you will not enjoy outdoor cooking. But no matter what the temperature, a little hot food will not be unwelcome. Now is the time to make full use of your thermos jugs and bottles. Carry along a hot soup occasionally, well-seasoned but not too rich, as the perfect beginning for your meal of cold meats and salads. Or let your thermos bottle provide a cup of hot coffee as the finishing touch. If you plan to eat within an hour or so, you can take hot scalloped potatoes, or macaroni, wrapping up the dish in newspapers and towels to keep the food warm.

For the main part of your meal there are no end of possibilities: meat loaf of veal, chicken, or ham; deviled crabs, if you don't mind the bother of preparing them. Then

there are salads and relishes and sandwiches to suit every taste. Brown bread, spread with butter or cream cheese, always makes a hit. Lettuce sandwiches are good as a foundation for those who like to add meat, or cheese, or both. Watermelon pickles, pickled peaches, crab apple pickles, as well as the old standbys, dills, gherkins, etc., add to the zest of the meal.

Tomato juice cocktail is another grand possibility for your thermos bottle. Add plenty of seasoning when you get the tomato juice ready. Iced cocoa or chocolate makes a good drink if your menu isn't too rich. Then, of course, there are all kinds of fruit punches and bottled concoctions, but these do not seem to go so well with salads and pickles. Tea, coffee, or milk fit in better with the average picnic repast.

CLAMBAKES are in a class by themselves and are only for those who spend their vacations near the seashore. In most seashore places there are kindly disposed old-timers who will initiate you into their particular version of a properly conducted clambake. There are various methods. Some people dig pits, others use washtubs. Some advocate seaweed and others prefer heavy canvas as a covering for the "bake."

One practical method is as follows: dig a hole in the sand, not less than a foot deep and eighteen inches wide. Hollow out the hole so that it resembles a big bowl. Line with stones. On them lay a fire. Pile on a generous amount of wood and keep piling on the wood for three or four hours. This is no late afternoon picnic, but an all day affair. Finally, when the fire has burned until the stones in the hole are practically red-hot all the way through, rake away the coals and most of the ashes.

Now you are ready for the laying of the bake. Begin with the clams which are still safely in their shells. On top of them put green corn with the husks on. Then potatoes, unpeeled and wrapped in wet cloth to keep them out of the ashes and soot. These three are the mainstays of your meal, but more often than not other foods are added, fish sometimes, sometimes chicken, and nearly always salt pork. The salt pork gives a grand flavor to everything in the bake—especially the corn. Season the fish or meat, and wrap in wet cloths before putting them on the bake.

When everything you think should be included has been neatly laid on your hot stones, bank up the ashes around the edges to keep in the heat. Then cover well with either wet seaweed, or wet canvas, and let the whole thing steam away for a couple of hours. Finally uncover, and proceed to enjoy the delectable smells and flavors.

With the bake, serve a green salad mixed with sharp French dressing, with berry pie, or watermelon, and coffee for dessert.

A salad that goes beautifully with a clam bake is made as follows: Slice very thin an equal amount of tender young cucumbers and sweet Spanish onions. Arrange these in layers in a glass fruit jar, for ease in carrying to your picnic. Pour on a dressing made from one cup of sour cream seasoned with one teaspoon sugar, one-half teaspoon dry mustard, two tablespoons vinegar, and one-eighth teaspoon black pepper. Cover the jar and let stand in the refrigerator to get thoroughly

chilled. Wrap well in newspaper and pack in your picnic kit.

On a very hot day, the problem of drinking water is sometimes a serious one. To keep your supply of water cool, carry it in a covered milk can. Take a good-sized towel and saturate it in water. Wrap this around the outside of the can and hang up in a tree in the breeze and shade. The evaporation will keep the water delightfully cool, or will even cool water that has become warm.

In most of the menus suggested here, the desserts are simple and not particularly heavy or rich. This is a good rule to observe in planning picnic meals. Everyone starts in ravenously on the meat, sandwiches, and salad. Everyone has second helpings and sometimes thirds. By the time the dessert comes on, appetites are not so keen. Fruit, therefore, is the thing that seems to have the greatest appeal. Any kind of fresh or canned fruit might be served. Cream to be poured on by the individual adds to the deliciousness of many fruits with which cream is not customarily served—black cherries, for instance, and even canned gooseberries, provided they are a mild and sweet variety. Apricots are grand with cream, especially so after the apricots have been toasted, or caramelized.

When convenient to carry, ice cream is, of course, a summer dessert without a peer. Whether homemade and taken right in the freezer, or bought at a store and packed in dry ice, ice cream is popular with young people, year in and year out. A jar of chocolate sauce, or crushed fruit, to serve on the ice cream adds distinction. And, of course, you will want cookies, or a simple cake. It is wise to omit cakes with fancy icings as these are hard to carry and are apt to look messy.

One nice way to serve a combination of fresh fruit is to make a "Melon Surprise." This is done as follows:

Cut off the end of a nice ripe watermelon. Scoop out the center, cutting the fruit in balls with a ball scoop. Add to these fresh pineapple, bananas, a few strawberries, or whatever fruit is in season. Sweeten to taste. Fill the melon with the sweetened fruit, cover with the piece you cut off, and let stand in the refrigerator until you are ready to start on the picnic. Then wrap in parchment paper and pack in a bucket with ice in the bottom. Serve from the shell.

For an autumn picnic there is nothing better than a dessert of Apple Brown Betty. This should be served with cream.

For either hot or cool weather picnics, a stew or fricassee, consisting of both meat and vegetables, is a little out of the ordinary and can be very good indeed. For instance, chicken which has been boiled and then combined with gravy, carrots, and mushrooms (or with green peppers, corn, and ripe olives) would make an excellent meal, whether heated up at the picnic, or served hot from a thermos jug. The bones and gristle should, of course, be removed to make the dish more compact. On a cool day you might bake biscuits to go with the chicken fricassee. There are "bakers" which work pretty well when set beside a bed of very hot coals. Use the prepared biscuit flour which only requires the addition of water or milk. It isn't necessary to roll out the biscuits, or to have a biscuit cutter. Just drop the dough on the baking sheet by spoonfuls.

Sandwiches can be good, bad, and indifferent. Very often they are indifferent. To avoid mediocrity should be your aim. That does not mean having peculiar combinations. It means having (Continued on page 38)



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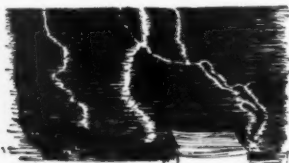
IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

THE CAMERA LOOKS AT LIGHTNING

Ten thousand miles a second! This is the speed of lightning strokes whose velocity has recently been measured. More amazing still, lightning has been taken apart, in a sense, by scientists—after three years of study which included the taking of hundreds of photographs of flashes with high-speed cameras. It is not as simple as it looks. First there is the "leader," or electric spurt, which comes downward from the cloud in what has been described as "steps" of about two hundred feet at a time. Before it reaches the earth, a "streamer" flashes up to meet it from the point said to be "struck." It is this streamer, starting from the earth, which is believed to do the destructive work.

This process is sometimes reversed, says



Karl B. McEachron, an authority, the leader itself starting from the earth.

Figures, lately compiled, show that only three people in a million are killed annually by lightning in the United States. Fewer than that in our cities where high steel structures act as conductors. More in the country where, says the United States Weather Bureau, a few rules might well be followed in a bad thunder storm.

Here are the rules: Never stand under a tree. Don't go into an isolated shed—get wet, rather. If you want to take an extra precaution, lie down flat on the ground.

The sight of artificial lightning is one of the thrills science is now ready to give us. A bolt flashing with a loud crash across a gap thirty feet wide, followed by thirty-foot streamers of fire leaping into the air—this is to be among the wonders of the coming New York World's Fair.

MONEY IN GROWLS AND HOWLS

Ours is an age of odd professions. One of the strangest, surely, is that of imitator of animal, bird, and insect noises. The well-known professionals in this line are so few that you could count them on the fingers of one hand.

Clarence Straight, who stays behind the scenes in a play now running in New York, is among the successful few. It's his job to help give the drama "atmosphere" by making

sounds typical of a lonely California valley. He bays like a distant coyote, barks like a wild dog, hoots like an owl. His full repertory, he says, includes one hundred and sixty-three animal and bird noises. Long in demand for radio work, he started his imitations when he was a boy.

Another specialist in this exacting line—one who is often called on for canine sounds—is named, aptly enough, Bradley Barker. He has been "all the dogs" in numerous radio sketches, all the animals in certain jungle films. Further, he can talk like a parrot, roar like a mountain lion, buzz like a bee. But he's so well-known for "dog stuff" that his friends, coming up behind him on the street, usually hail him by barking at him. Instantly he barks back.

"Sometimes, though," he will tell you, "I get fooled. I'll turn fast, barking—and it's a real dog."

FLOATING DANGER

Here's a strange fact: snow, under the pressing weight of more and more snowfall, turns to ice. This happens in Greenland, among other places, and is responsible for its vast ice cap. Each year part of that ice cap creeps downward through valleys in the form of glaciers, and breaks off in the sea as icebergs.

Most of these "bergs" are formed on Greenland's west coast. They drift southward, melting slowly. If they reach the northward-sweep-



ing Gulf Stream they dissolve faster, and vanish in about two weeks.

From February to October is the iceberg season in the North Atlantic. The cutters of the International Ice Patrol keep watch off the Banks of Newfoundland, "spot" the bergs, chart the general limit of their drift, and send out warnings which are relayed to vessels.

Watching from a ship's bridge on a clear day, you can see a big berg at a distance of some twenty-five miles. But in dense fog the berg may lie a mere hundred yards away and still be invisible!

Efforts to demolish icebergs by gunfire, or by powder mines, have proved futile. The great masses remain unconquered, beautiful, and deadly.

TWO STATESMEN FACE FACTS

Great Britain and France are living through uneasy days. Faced by an array of problems, they need sure, brave guidance. Their two newest leaders must bear responsibilities that would frighten and confuse most men. But Neville Chamberlain, the present British Prime Minister, and Edouard Daladier, France's Premier, have started to tackle big jobs with confidence, courage.

The contrast between them is striking. Sixty-nine-year-old Chamberlain is the aristocratic son of a well-known statesman, the late Joseph Chamberlain. Daladier, born fifty-four years ago, is the son of a baker. The Englishman is tall, rangy, the Frenchman short, stocky.

But similarities stand out more sharply than contrasts. Both men are prodigious workers. (Often, Chamberlain doesn't "call it a day" until he has labored for eighteen hours.) Both avoid social life. Chamberlain—there's a sketch of him in this column



—is aloof, unapproachable; Daladier is bookish, retiring. They share a certain seriousness that is almost somber, a capacity to push forward against opposition, and a dogged patience.

Above all, both are realists, looking facts in the face. From the French and English point-of-view, to-day's facts are grim. Dictators have gained power, prestige. Germany is, in many ways, mightier than she was in 1914. The world, which was swinging for so long toward the democratic ideal, has been swinging away from it.

In certain respects, Daladier's problems are thornier than Chamberlain's. For years, France has been plagued by labor and financial worries. The Popular Front, made up of Socialists, Radical Socialists, and Communists, was often rent by bickerings. Sit-down strikes in arms factories made many Frenchmen say, "If war comes, we'll be helpless." Daladier, rising to power, ended both Popular Front and strikes, brought new hopes.

In foreign affairs, both the statesman's son and the baker's son have been following the same policy: peace with the dictators, an impregnable national defense. Democracy's future in Europe hangs on their failure or success.

WALK YOUR WAY TO HEALTH

Careful studies of the human foot, and of walking and running, are not new. But Dr. R. P. Schwartz, of the University of Rochester's Medical School, can claim to have carried such investigations further than anyone else has done. He's in charge of the university's "gait laboratory" where data about feet, and just what they do when we walk, are collected through elaborate electric recording devices.

Dr. Schwartz's studies show, conclusively, that the bones, ligaments, and muscles of the leg and foot make up a most delicately adjusted mechanical system for propelling the body. Wrongly designed shoes force them to do work for which they were not intended by nature.

Orthopedic surgeons are in general agreement about the sort of shoes that are right. The heel should not be high. The toe should not be pointed, otherwise the inside edge of the shoe is curved in a way that pushes the large toe out of its natural alignment. Faulty shoes, we are told, are the cause of faulty posture.

Once we've found proper shoes, we should use them. Get out and walk, doctors advise—preferably for an hour a day. Walk with head up, chin back, chest out, stomach in. Don't "toe out"; keep the feet parallel. Then you will swing along lightly, as the tireless Indian does.

FOUR-FOOTED ENGINEERS

Is the beaver harmful or helpful? That question has been much debated. Certain States, taking the stand that beavers are tree-destroying pests, have said, in effect, "Trap them. Kill them."

Officials of the forty-two-thousand-acre Palisades Interstate Park, in New York, disagree with that view—at least where forest conservation is concerned. After studying the Park's forty-two beaver colonies, they've concluded that the few trees the animals destroy are of small importance if weighed against the good they do.

Beavers, it seems, often set up housekeeping in country impoverished by erosion. They cut down trees, dam a brook, and make a pond that usually covers several acres. They build a home in the pond, eat the bark of the fallen trees. Rich topsoil, washed down by the brooks, gathers in the pond.

Wild fowl nest around the water. In the Palisades Park, birds that used to be rare before the beavers started work are now frequently seen. Wood ducks, pileated woodpeckers, black ducks, bitterns—all are flocking enthusiastically to beaver-made lakes and marshes.

After some years the animals' food supply



gives out. They abandon the pond, look for a new home. The dam goes to pieces, the water drains off, leaving many feet of fertile topsoil. Land once under water is now a lush meadow where deer and rabbits may feed.

Plainly, Mr. Beaver is a splendid citizen.

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ANDREE

LET'S HAVE A PICNIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

appetizing flavors in sandwiches that are neither too dry nor too moist. You must use good bread and good butter—and you must have a keen sense for good seasoning. Here is a delicious sandwich spread which may be new to your crowd: Boil some calves liver until tender. Chop, or put through the meat grinder. Mix with chopped scallions and crisp bacon, minced. Season with salt and pepper. This spread is good on crackers and is perfect with a tomato juice cocktail.

A strange sounding combination which is delicious is blueberry preserves mixed with cream cheese. Ham, cheese, mustard, tongue, sliced cucumbers, or chopped watercress, combined with dressing, are some of the things you might use for double and triple decker sandwiches. Or sardines, chopped eggs, tomato slices, and minced bacon are other possibilities.

Hamburger sandwiches are the mainstay of many a picnic, and, if properly flavored and cooked, there is nothing much better. Try this method the next time you are in charge of the picnic refreshments. Mix together the following:

- 1½ pounds lean beef, ground
- ½ pound pork, ground.
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- Salt and pepper
- Milk to moisten

Shape into flat cakes, rather thin. Fry these in butter on both sides—and be sure they are well done if you use pork. Serve on fresh rolls which have been split and buttered. Spread the meat with a mixture of horseradish and prepared mustard. Add a sprig of cress, either watercress or upland cress which anyone can grow in his own garden. Close the rolls and serve promptly. This amount of

meat should be enough for six or eight people—if they aren't too ravenously hungry.

Almost any game is fun at a picnic, but there are some that are especially suitable. Begin with the more active ones that make everyone pleasantly tired and hungry as bears. Then, after supper has been eaten, let your crowd sit happily around the campfire, singing songs and telling stories.

When the journey to the picnicking place is not too great a distance, it is sometimes interesting to get there by means of a hare-and-hound race. The picnickers are divided into two groups, the hares and the hounds. The hares start first, marking the way either with chalk or slips of paper tucked in niches of rocks or tacked on trees. As soon as the hares are safely out of sight, the hounds take up the trail. If they are clever they find the pathway without undue delay.

The shore of a river or lake is a favorite spot for a picnic—and accordingly skating picnics are popular in winter and swimming picnics in summer. A skating picnic is an ideal time to have a big stew which you keep merrily simmering for half a day. You will want to keep up a fire anyway, and no one will mind stopping occasionally to stir the pot and warm her own toes incidentally.

When planning a swimming party the hostess should obtain reliable information about the safety of the swimming place. Are there sudden drop-offs, quicksand, dangerous currents, rocks? The boys in the neighborhood usually know about such things and can tell you whether the water is deep enough to make diving safe. Appoint official life guards for the party and make sure that at least one person is on the alert to see that the swimmers are all right. If you divide up the respon-

sibility no one need miss out on the fun for very long, and your own mind will be at ease.

It hardly seems necessary to tell a girl what to wear to a picnic. And yet we all do make mistakes, even in such simple matters as this. The main idea is comfort—clothes that are warm enough and not too warm, clothes that can take rough-and-tumble games, clothes that won't be harmed by getting dirty. Therefore, it comes down to choosing something like tweeds for a cool weather picnic, and strictly washable things for summer. A sturdy cotton fabric, or a non-crush linen, are usually best for an all-day summer affair. Silk looks too dressed up. And, of course, you must wear stout, comfortable shoes—thin soles, or high heels, may be counted on to spoil any picnic for their wearer.

A picnic is an appropriate time for launching something gay and amusing. If you have bright accessories such as gay-colored scarfs, head bands, belts, or socks, they are in keeping with the picnic idea. If you have suppressed desires to look gypsyish, or peasanty, a picnic is the time to let yourself go. Of course you mustn't wear anything that will make you feel foolish, or apologetic.

Even in hot weather it is well to take along a sweater, jacket, or perhaps a sweat shirt to pull on after you have become heated from sports, or to wear home in the cool of the evening.

And before you leave for home there is something you must remember to do! Put out your fire, dousing it well with water or dirt, and stirring the coals well to make sure there is no tiny smoldering left anywhere. Bury your rubbish—or take it home with you. "Let it not be said, and said to your shame, 'This place was lovely until you came.'"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

THANK YOU, BEATRICE

are you driving at, child? I do not walk in my sleep."

"Well, this was the time you did," Bushy informed him. "Walked and talked. Hem! Fellow members of the Offshore Club: On thish shingularly felishitush and ausphishus occasion, it ish my ineshituable privilege to address you—" "

Lofty, shocked and startled, stared at her as if hypnotized. "Where in the world did you get that? Nobody could possibly say that in their sleep!"

"So I should have supposed," Bushy observed. "Jam, please. Nevertheless, you did—and better than I can say it awake. Is it intended to be funny, or what?"

"Are you intending to be funny?" Lofty demanded. "Because you're not—and I want to know right now where you got that from." "Children!" warned Mrs. Ryder. "You may have walked in your sleep, Lofty. You used to when you were little, sometimes, if you were excited. Perhaps you're a little nervous about this speech to-night. Is it all to be as—er—elaborate as the beginning of it, and are you trying to memorize it?"

"Shan't have time to," mumbled Lofty. "Just been trying to write out a few appropriate remarks. I shouldn't expect Beatrice to understand my terminology."

"But I do," Bushy contended. "I can say it in my sleep. 'On thish felishitush—'"

"Will—you—quit?" said Lofty, in a voice

so terrible that Mr. Ryder began to look over the top of his newspaper—a warning signal which Bushy noted and was silent.

The remainder of the day passed, for Bushy, as though the banquet of the Offshore Club did not exist. Barring an inquiry as to the menu, she showed no interest, preferring to swim, go off in her boat, and play tennis with her contemporaries as usual. When the older group, from which Lofty so consistently excluded her, did things she would like to do, the exclusion infuriated her; but when they indulged in dances and dress-up parties, she felt neither regret nor resentment.

She strolled home rather late in the afternoon, to find the Ryder household in utmost confusion.

"Here she is—here she comes now!" was the greeting Lofty shrieked from the head of the stairs. "You malicious little sneaking spoil-sport—what have you done with it?"

Bushy stopped in her tracks. Her mother had joined Lofty, and from her expression Bushy realized suddenly that something was serious.

"Yes, Beatrice, where is it? It really was not at all fair. Carrying the teasing too far, my dear." Mrs. Ryder was terrifyingly grave.

"What are you talking about?" asked Bushy. "What have I done with what?"

"My speech!" cried Lofty, trembling with rage and anguish. "You must have had it, or you couldn't have learned the opening.

Where have you hidden it, you little serpent?"

Bushy frowned, and her mouth straightened. "I've never seen your silly speech," she said. "You came and declaimed it at me last night, as I've told you. Sonnamby—sonnam—oh, well, sleep-walking. What have you done with it?"

Lofty looked at his mother to see how much of this she believed. Mrs. Ryder turned sober eyes on Bushy.

"On my word of honor," said Bushy, meeting her mother's gaze unwinkingly.

Mrs. Ryder had never had occasion to doubt her daughter's word of honor, and she was relieved now. Lofty was not so easily satisfied.

"Do you realize I have to dress and be there in twenty minutes? I have to do a whole lot of arrangement before the thing starts. You'd better come through with those papers before I'm ready to go."

"Edward!" remonstrated Mrs. Ryder.

"I've told you on my honor I haven't got it and never did have," Bushy said firmly. "Goodness knows where you put it, in your trance. Come on, I'll help you look for it while you get ready, though it's a lot more than you deserve, after the way you've talked to me."

"I've looked everywhere," said Lofty dismally.

From the appearance of his room, it was evident that he had. (Continued on page 41)



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN— Excellent

RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL. Sir Percy Blakeney and his brave band once more venture into France to save friends from the Terror and plot the downfall of Robespierre. Exciting story filled with suspense. Good acting. (United Artists)

STOLEN HEAVEN. Music-loving jewel thieves (Gene Raymond, Olympe Bradna) use the cottage of an old pianist as a hideout. The picture is filled with beautiful music, and Lewis Stone is delightful as the pianist. (Paramount)

TEST PILOT. Exciting drama which depicts in thrilling fashion the hazards of pioneering in aviation and the courage it requires. Daredevil pilot (Clark Gable) marries a girl (Myrna Loy) whose courage matches his in the way she faces the fact that he may be killed at any time. Good story; excellent acting, with Spencer Tracy deserving special mention for his portrayal of the pilot's best friend. Notable supporting cast. Spectacular flying scenes should appeal especially to boys. (MGM)

Good

HEART OF ARIZONA. Uprising over cattle and land rights brings Hopalong Cassidy to the rescue. Good Western. (Paramount)

JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN. Washington, where the Judge (Lewis Stone) has been called to assist in an investigation, is the scene of another Hardy family story. Andrew (Mickey Rooney) in his new dress suit is delightfully funny. (MGM)

KATHLEEN. Simple story of Irish countryside with family troubles finally straightened out. (Hoffberg)

LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN. Fine acting by Harry Baur, as the famous composer, distinguishes this French film which has a beautiful musical score. Especially interesting to music lovers. (World)

MR. MOTO'S GAMBLE. Mr. Moto solves murder of prize fighter and exposes a gambling ring. Good acting by supporting cast. Fast-moving and exciting. (Fox)

LONE WOLF IN PARIS. Gay and light tale of a dashing gentleman (Francis Lederer) who is a reformed jewel thief until he meets princess (Frances Drake) in trouble. Entertaining. (Columbia)

PENROD'S DOUBLE TROUBLE. Penrod at the carnival is carried off by a runaway balloon and a boy who looks just like him tries to claim the reward for his return. (Warner)

RAWHIDE. Entertaining Western in which ball player turned rancher (Lou Gehrig) helps break up a gang of racketeers. (Fox)

ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE. The Mexico of a hundred years ago is the scene of a swash-buckling tale of lawless bandits and a band of aristocrats pledged to drive them out. Good singing. (Mono.)

TRIP TO PARIS. Another episode of the Jones family which finds itself unexpectedly in Paris to celebrate a 25th wedding anniversary. (Fox)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL
STOLEN HEAVEN

Good

HEART OF ARIZONA
JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN
KATHLEEN
LONE WOLF IN PARIS
PENROD'S DOUBLE TROUBLE
RAWHIDE
ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE
TEST PILOT. Mature but good
TRIP TO PARIS

For description of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

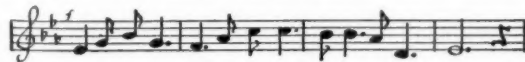
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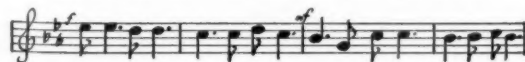
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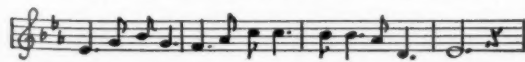
Un-der our cot-tage win-dow frost is on the ground
Un-der our cot-tage win-dow snow white roses grow—
Un-der our cot-tage win-dow grows a li-ly tall—



And the wa-ter in the fountain now is icy bound.
"Tell me, dear one, 'midst this beauty what can cause you woe?"
"Tell me, fair one, do the young men often come to call?"



With a hatchet I'll go o-ver And cut through the glist'ning cover
"I need something more than flowers, In this dreary world of ours,
"No one ever thinks of calling, No one ever thinks of calling,



Then the wa-ter, free from bondage, will be once more found.
"For my heart is sad and lonely, and my hot tears flow."
"Ev-ry bo-dy shuns a maiden with a dowry small."

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Vlasta Litochlebová, (who was the Czechoslovakian representative at the Silver Jubilee International Encampment held at Camp Andree, Briarcliff Manor, New York, from August 9 to 23, 1937) received a great many letters from girls in the United States after her own letter was printed in the February 1938 issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

As it is impossible for Vlasta to answer all of these letters individually, she sends her greetings and thanks, and passes on to her American friends the charming folk song which is printed here. Vlasta's letter concludes: "Czechoslovak youth wishes everybody health, joy, and peace."



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SUMMER holidays! The very words start thoughts of camping, hiking, boating, traveling, leisure for catching up with reading, and time for other hobbies.

It may be that you are one of those who are planning to stay home this summer, and that you have a back yard that could provide plenty of recreation. Arthur Lawson's *Fun in the Backyard* (Crowell) tells of many possibilities. It is great fun to read that it actually cost only sixty cents to fully equip the author's Backyard Country Club. He tells how you can cram fun and exhilarating exercise into a very small space. The games you can play range from golf to tether ball, and back to horseshoes and quoits. You may have to change the rules somewhat, he says, but, after all, that adds to the informality of the back yard games and leads to new rules that, in turn, become a changed game. And that is really more fun because it is your own. Skiddles sounds like a most attractive sport because you can play it where the lawn is rough. You will also read that it is a fine game to take on a picnic—because you can pack it with your sandwiches and play it anywhere. Then there is tether ball that is hard to beat in back yard fun and a good game for two. You will read of paddle tennis, hand tennis, and deck tennis that can all be played on a fairly flat plot of lawn or ground only twenty-five feet wide by fifty long. Then there is badminton, which is described as a game that was born on the front lawn, but that has finally moved to the rear of the house where it is very much at home. There are games for groups, and a chapter on quiet games that can be played when it rains, or when you are so tired that you can't do much more than move your muscles. If you are the one in your neighborhood, or family, who wants to play, and if your friends are not good gamesters, look at the last chapter which helps you with suggestions about getting people to play.

There are times when nothing takes the place of a good story. Hans Christian Andersen still stands supreme as a teller of tales. Many have tried to translate these Danish stories into English, and this spring a new edition has appeared, the stories translated by Paul Leyssac, a Dane. Hugh Walpole says in his foreword that Leyssac has succeeded in catching the "colloquial rhythm." You will feel instinctively that the Andersen tales are meant to be read aloud. The present collection is called *It's Perfectly True and Other Stories* (Harcourt). Many of the titles included are not well known to American young people, and many of the tales included are short, amusing ones which lend themselves to reading, or telling, in Girl Scout groups before the camp fire or a cool place

By NORA BEUST

Chairman of The American Library Association Board
for Work with Children and Young People

under the trees on a sunny afternoon. Do you know the story, *It's Perfectly True*? Perhaps you may not be able to get this edition with the quaint black-and-white illustrations of Richard Bennett, but look up an edition of

THE COTTAGE WAY

BY IVY O. EASTWICK

I love the cottage way—

*Hay-making,
Bread-baking,
Flower-tending,
Book-lending,
Reading,
And seeding,
And feeding
Brown birds;
Uttering words
Of joy and content
To the russet-warm earth,
Which joins in the mirth
And puts forth a blossom
To wear on her bosom.*

*This is the cottage way,
Simple and sweet and gay;
Birds, flowers, books have I,
Mine is the earth, the sky!
Sweet content knoweth he
Who hath such company.*

Andersen's *Wonder Stories* just to convince yourself that you have not outgrown them—for, after all, Andersen thought his stories belonged to all ages. If you have not read his life as told by Isabel Proudfoot—in her book called *The Ugly Duckling, Hans Christian Andersen*, (Robert McBride), do get it for it will help you to understand these stories that are a delight to the imagination.

Hans Andersen is not the only author of

fairy tales whose stories are suited to the fancy of a summer day. Do you know Frank R. Stockton's *Queen's Museum and Other Fanciful Tales* (Scribner's), and his amusing *Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Ale-shine* (Appleton-Century)? Is Kenneth Grahame's *Wind in the Willows* (Scribner's) which tells about the adventures of Mr. Toad and his friends, the mole and the water rat, a favorite of yours? I wonder if you know *Mary Poppins* and *Mary Poppins Comes Back* by Pamela L. Travers (Reynal and Hitchcock) which tell about the remarkable things that happened when Mary, the nursemaid, blew in with an east wind, and how, after she came back, she left again on the end of a kite string? These are only a few of the treasures that can be found in the literature of make-believe.

IT MIGHT be fun to read of some adventures that really could have happened to John, Susan, Titty, and Roger, whom you may remember as old friends from *Pigeon Post* and *Swallows and Amazons*. Here they are again. This time you meet them in *We Didn't Mean to Go to Sea* (Macmillan) by Arthur Ransome. The book is just as thrilling as the name sounds. You will read of what happens when the Swallows find themselves adrift on the sea in the good ship *Goblin* without their skipper, Jim Bradley. It all came about very unexpectedly because they had all promised to stay inside Harwich harbor. But the crew found that, when the unexpected happened, they didn't know as much about the tides as they should have. That was not all they learned on their adventure out to sea. If you look at the map on the end sheets, you will see that their ship took them into a foreign port. John, Susan, Titty, and Roger are fine friends to make. You will all wish, I am sure, that you, too, had been on board the *Goblin* when it sailed back into Harwich harbor.

Another story of English children who find themselves alone on a real adventure, after they start off on horseback into the New Forest, is called *Five Proud Riders* (Knopf) by Ann Stafford. You will meet Jill who is steady and dependable, Gay who is very much like her name, Andy who can always be counted upon, Nigel who had never solved any problems for himself, though he was the oldest of the group, and, last of all, John, the youngest, who insisted upon tagging along.

Your own adventures may not be like those of the *Amazons*, or *Five Proud Riders*, but you will have a jolly vacation if you have found that real adventure is the way you enjoy whatever falls to your lot during the summer holidays!

THANK YOU, BEATRICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

It looked as though a high-explosive bomb had been dropped in the vicinity. Bushy noted, as she passed a door, that her room also had suffered.

"Low of you," she remarked.

"No use for you to rummage any more," gasped Lofty, as he struggled into his dark coat and ran a desperate hand down the crease in his white flannels.

"Can't you extemp-extemp—oh, well, make it up as you go along?" suggested Bushy, pawing through the piles of assorted belongings which had been thrown in every direction.

"I can not," said Lofty. "I had chosen my words with some care. I'm completely sunk, if you want to know—and I'd still like to figure where you come in."

"I don't come in," snapped Bushy. "And if you want to know, I'm really sorry for you, though I can't imagine why. But they may be glad they're spared the old speech, if it was all like that high-falutin start."

Lofty, glowering, gave a final yank to his tie, a last despairing look around, and departed on the run. Bushy, unable to believe that the papers were not to be found, kept on looking for them. She had reached the frustrated point where one looks into the soap dish, and under small pin trays, and inside tiny and impossible boxes—over and over again.

"He simply must have destroyed the thing in his unconscious state," she decided at last. Then, realizing that it would be impossible for any one but the rightful owner of all this junk to set Lofty's room to rights, she wandered a little disconsolately downstairs. Her mother still looked rather grave and troubled, and Bushy felt slightly sick as she sensed a possibility of not being completely believed even yet. She roamed out on to the piazza and around to the back of the house. Lofty might have torn up his precious speech and scattered it out of the window last night. Her eyes on the ground in a last forlorn hope of seeing a crumpled paper, she scarcely heard a cheery greeting from the laundress who was just putting her apron into a string bag after her day's work.

"Oh, hullo, Mrs. Jackson," Bushy said hollovely.

"Whar's dat smile, Miss Beettriss, honey?" inquired the laundress. "Yo' looks all glum-my down in de mouf. Oh, by de way—wait a minute, I come near fo'gittin' somepin I had hyah fo' you-alls."

She waddled back towards the laundry tubs, and Bushy listlessly followed her. Usually, she would have pricked up her ears at such a remark for Mrs. Jackson sometimes brought an offering of doughnuts or apple turnovers, but this time, whatever it might be that the laundress had for her failed to stir Bushy's downcast spirits in anticipation.

IT WAS about five minutes later that Miss Beatrice Ryder suddenly made up her mind to attend the banquet of the Offshore Club. At first she had started off just as she was—hair on end and salty boat-clothes flapping. Then some dim stirring of the spirit of fitness moved within her, and she turned back towards the house.

"I'll show 'em I can, if I want to," she muttered, as she yanked open her closet door

and pulled out her first and only party dress. It was of pale blue organdie and she detested it, but her course was plain before her, and once Bushy made up her mind it was made up to stay.

She scrubbed her sunburned face determinedly, dragged a comb through her bushy locks, and fitted the organdie flounces gingerly about her. She decided that there was no time to bother with the silver slippers which she loathed anyway. So, with blue ruffles held well up out of the way of her sneakered feet, she sped towards the boathouse and the banquet of the Offshore Club. Her mother, somewhat confused by a very hastily jabbered explanation, went to the telephone to find out whether Mrs. Jackson had reached home yet.

THE members of the Offshore Club had assembled and were already in their places at the long trestle table which ran down the middle of the gaily decorated boathouse. At one end sat Jem Duncan, president; at the other, Edward Lofting Ryder writhed upon his camp stool. At his right hand Marjorie Olmsted, looking perfectly lovely in a dress the color of peach ice cream, tried vainly to engage him in conversation. On his left, an empty place sadly bespoke the absence of Loretta Wentworth, who had inopportunely become involved with some poison ivy. The first round of lobster salad was just being tackled, when a blue organdie figure slipped nonchalantly into the vacant place and at once fell to upon the celery and olives. Lofty looked up with a jerk and then scrambled to his feet.

"You—you can't do this," he hissed. "You know p-perfectly well—"

"Oh, let her stay, Lofty," Jem Duncan called from the other end of the table. "Give her a break. It's all right with us, Bushy—this time."

"Yes, do let her stay," said Margie softly, and at that Lofty sat down, though his red face and sizzling expression betrayed his inner emotions.

"Thank you, friends," said Bushy, nodding right and left. "I am here with a Purpose."

"Serious-minded, eh?" laughed Roy Bennett. "Maybe she represents the Junior Reform Society, or something."

The Offshore Club giggled, and Bushy discreetly turned her attention to the lobster salad, which was excellent. Lofty, definitely presenting a shoulder to his upstart relative, tried his best to laugh with Margie, but it was hollow mirth and his nervousness was not decreased by Bushy's presence. All he could think was that she had come to gloat over his discomfiture, and he was still convinced that she knew what had become of his manuscript. The Club expected the finest flowers of his oratory—and now he would be forced to extemporize, even as Bushy had suggested—and with her mocking eye upon him.

The fatal moment drew nearer. Plates were empty; Jem Duncan, ginger ale glass in hand, toasted the Offshore Club and introduced the speaker. Lofty, his shaking knees mercifully hidden by the table, rose to his feet and involuntarily thrust a finger between his collar and his throbbing neck.

"Fellow members of—members of the Offshore Club," he stammered. "On this—on this—"

Bushy leaned forward swiftly across the



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corner of the table. Lofty looked down in despair. At his place lay the pages bearing his speech—somewhat crumpled but apparently intact—except that a blue pencil had been firmly drawn through the opening sentence and another substituted in a clear hand. Lofty gulped and raised the paper in shaking fingers.

"On this, our first meeting of the season, I am more glad than you can ever know to be addressing you."

He had read it aloud before he could stop. Lost now, forever, were those felicitous phrases with which he had planned to begin. Only after he was well launched into his main discourse did he realize that, in his present state of nerves, he would have been completely incapable of uttering that tongue-twister.

The rest of the speech wasn't half bad, Bushy decided, listening with what she reluctantly recognized as pride. Really, what a command of lingo the boy had! He'd been saved from a ludicrous start, anyhow, and now, gathering confidence, he was waxing positively lyric over sea and sky and the pleasures and privileges of the Offshore Club. Margie Olmsted had seen the papers laid quickly at Lofty's place, and was looking speculatively at Bushy. Who else had seen it, Bushy wondered. After all, she did rather want to be justified for crashing the party. Perhaps Lofty himself would explain to Jem Duncan; she didn't much want to blab, herself, for she figured that her unhappy brother had already suffered sufficiently.

But when the applause had died and dancing began, Lofty cornered his sister—and he still didn't look pleased.

"I suppose you think this was the funniest part of all," he said. "To hold out on me all day and nearly give me heart failure, and then crash here and sneak it in at the last

minute. You'd have enjoyed the Spanish Inquisition, I dare say, and other slow tortures, and—"

Bushy's eyes flashed dangerously. "Oh, but I'd hate to have your horrid, suspicious, sneering nature, Edward Ryder," she snapped. "I'd hate to think *anybody* could be as mean as you seem to think I am. You poked your beastly old speech into the pocket of your pajamas when you got through rambling around last night—and then you chucked your pajamas into the wash this morning—so of course nobody could find the miserable thing in the house. It's just a mercy for you that Mrs. Jackson hadn't dumped it into the water before she found it, or the ink would all have been on your pajamas instead of on the paper. She did find it, and she gave it to me just as she was leaving—after you'd gone. You can ask Mother. Naturally, it's the only reason I'd come to your unspeakably dull and stuck-up banquet. I even tried to dress up for it."

Bushy was, for her, perilously near to tears. Lofty's eyes strayed in stupefaction from his sister's righteously furious face to her crumpled organdie frock, as though he was seeing both for the first time.

"I—I—" His mouth stuck open.

Jem Duncan, college freshman, crack knockabout racer, president of the Offshore Club, was asking Bushy to dance.

"Now I wish I'd taken time to put on slippers, after all," she said as they circled the floor. "These sneakers aren't too successful, are they?" They were not, but it was worth anything to watch Lofty's face as she stubbed past with Jem.

BUSHY left the party early, for, her Purpose fulfilled, she felt it was not, after all, her party, and she still considered it both dull and stuck-up. Pensively consuming a

handful of nuts and bonbons filched from the leftovers, she strolled homeward in the moonlight, dragging her organdie flounces in the dew. A conversation with her mother did much to soothe her still outraged sense of justice, and, from Mrs. Ryder's expression, it seemed likely that she would also have a conversation with her son Edward on his return.

Bushy was abed and almost asleep when a tap on her door compelled her to make a drowsy response.

"Hey?" she croaked.

The door opened, and Lofty, still resplendent in blue serge and white flannels, stood revealed in the moonlight.

"Suffering starfish!" ejaculated Bushy. "Not sleep-walking again?"

"Not at all," said Lofty, more simply than was his wont. "Very much awake."

"Hope you didn't mind my revision of your opening," Bushy remarked. "That's the only thing I have to apologize for."

"Apologies—all on the other side," said Lofty with difficulty. "Great improvement—couldn't have managed to pronounce all that about the aushpish—the felish—oh, well, I've been talking to Mother."

"Oh, indeed," said Bushy. "And she corroborated—corrober—she told you the same thing I did?"

Lofty swallowed hard. "Thank you, Beatrice," he said gravely, and closed the door.

Bushy lay staring at the moonlight on the wall. He'd been in dead earnest. He'd never spoken to her before in that way—in that deep and serious voice. Why, it was almost the way he spoke to Margie Olmsted! And it was the first time—ever—that she had really liked the sound of her own first name, spoken this time not in mockery nor in scornful teasing, but with the sober gratitude (for the moment) of an equal.

THE MOON *and* the STARS, TOO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

that kind! Besides, she must spend every minute working on her collection.

"I haven't time," she whispered back. "Thanks, Patty."

From that day on, Addie hadn't a minute to feel sorry for herself. She rushed home from school every afternoon to get her net, and stalked the park in the sunlight till her nose was sunburned.

One night she smeared the tree-trunks in Grandmother's back yard with syrup, the way the entomologist used to do at the ranch, and came out after dark with a flashlight.

"Well, Addie, get anything?" Grandma called from the back porch.

Addie went softly to the first tree, net ready, and flashed on her light. Soft fairy shapes smudged the flashlight's beam. She swept her net expertly.

"Yes! Some new ones, too!"

Every spare minute that she wasn't studying, she looked up her trophies in Holland's butterfly and moth books, typed their many syllabled names on neat little cards, and rearranged them all according to their scientific classification. She had to make another specimen box, though it wasn't so neat as Paul's.

Addie didn't have time to worry now about not having Lynn and Patty and Janet for her friends. For a few days after her revelation to Patty, they asked her to walk with them, to go to their rooms with them, to go to the store with them. But Addie always found an excuse. This summer they wouldn't be able to

patronize her, they'd have to *admire* her!

Biology collections were due the day of the final. Addie came panting in with her two boxes as Miss Cozzens started to write the questions on the board. Addie put her boxes in the cupboard, glancing quickly at the other collections. There were several small herbaria, their flowers faded almost past recognition, or too limply fresh; there were a number of flimsy cardboard boxes. She went to her seat feeling triumphant.

A glance at the blackboard increased her elation. She'd studied four hours last night, and Miss Cozzens's questions, growing in chalk on the board, were easy for her. She wrote the answers quickly and went out, leaving her paper on the desk, while Janet and Lynn and Patty and most of the rest of the class were still chewing their pencils.

Addie walked home on air, through the bloomy greenness of the young summer. What a lovely summer it was going to be!

She woke at five the next morning and wondered what was so special about to-day. Then she remembered, and her heart beat twice as fast. Surely, with her fine record of examination grades, with her good final test paper, with her wonderful collection, she could not fail.

She was first in the biology room again that morning and waited impatiently, eying the cupboards with their neat, shiny instruments and jars of pickled frogs, the bookcases with their rows of heavy-looking books.

The Town Girls began to trickle in, the bell rang, and the Hall Girls fairly boiled down the stairs. Janet came in her smock, darned a stocking.

Patty giggled. "Jan, you never yet were ready on time for anything! Remember the day camp closed, last year?"

Addie wanted to burst out in a loud exultant laugh. Camp! Camp! Next year she'd be talking about it, too; next year she'd be on the inside, sharing adventures and friendship.

Miss Cozzens was passing out the test papers. Addie hardly glanced at hers. Ninety-eight. She'd had ninety-six and a hundred on the last two tests—the highest in the class.

"Whoops!" she heard Patty murmur regretfully as she looked at her own paper.

Miss Cozzens stood in front of her desk, the way she did when it was something important. She waited till they were all still.

"I have looked over your collections," she said, "with interest, disappointment, and surprise. Most of them looked as if you'd remembered about it the day before they were due, gone out and scrambled together something, somehow. With one exception, they were negligible. But one surprised me most pleasantly. Addie Home, your collection of lepidoptera is almost professional. Small, of course, but perfect so far as it goes. I congratulate you."

Addie gave a brusque little nod and looked down at her tightly clasped brown hands lying in her lap. (Continued on page 43)



O-108

Earn Your Own Uniform!

The official Girl Scout thrift uniform (made of a less expensive gray-green fabric) sizes 8 to 44.

SEND us only three 2-year subscriptions for *The American Girl*, sold at \$2.00 each, and we will send you the Official Thrift Uniform O-108, all charges prepaid.

Please be sure to give us your correct size, and to specify your own name and address as well as the subscribers' names and addresses. Then send your letter with the \$6.00 in checks or money order to

THE AMERICAN GIRL
Department E,
14 W. 49th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Shopping Sleuth

BY ANNA COYLE

Now that summer camps are just around the corner your Shopping Sleuth is glad to report on some grand camp and summer crafts.

From the French Riviera



First on my shopping list is the striking Nicoise hat, made of braided natural raffia and decorated in bright strands of the same material—grand for beach-wear and sports.

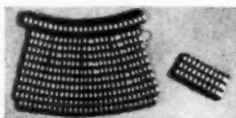
The saucy crocheted cap, also of raffia, originated in Paris. A package, containing the necessary raffia and directions for making both hat and cap and a matching hand bag, is wrapped in cellophane, waiting to be mailed to you when ordered.

Moccasin Kit for Camp

A real camp need is a moccasin kit, containing the material for a pair of camp moccasins, with directions for making. The moccasin is of dark brown oil-tanned leather, and the holes are punched so you cannot make a mistake in lacing. The sturdy composition sole, already stitched, protects the foot from stone bruises.

There is a slight reduction in cost when kits are ordered by the dozen. Be sure to specify girls' sizes, when ordering.

Bright Beads Go to Camp



Next on my camp shopping list is bead craft. Brightly colored wood bead costume jewelry is more popular than ever. Write for a new eight page leaflet that is brim full of designs for wood bead, cube bead, and tile crafts. This is an opportunity to add a bright and unusual accent to your own summer outfit and to make a practical gift for Mother.

Stencil with Colored Wax Crayon

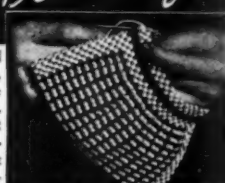


Another idea for camp and the summer holidays is stenciling with colored wax crayons. Dresser scarfs, closet accessories, cushions, bridge sets, wall hangings, waste baskets, and boxes in smart designs and brilliant colors may be made successfully by the amateur. A handy lift-lid box with a twenty-four stick assortment of wax crayons does the trick. The illustration shows the three steps. First, make a design; second, apply the crayon; third, place face down on a clean cloth, cover with a damp cloth, and press with a warm iron.

Shopping List—Write to-day for a shopping list that will tell you where the materials for the articles described here may be obtained. Be sure to send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Shopping Sleuth, The American Girl, 14 West 49th Street, New York City

WALCO Wood Beadcraft

Gorgeous Wood Bead bags, belts, bracelets, clips, necklaces, etc., are easy to make at home. We furnish complete 32 page booklet of instructions and patterns, best quality beads and supplies. It's fascinating and inexpensive. **tool**



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☐ Send **FREE** literature describing 5 WALCO Beadcrafts. 4c fee
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CITY..... STATE.....

Going away?



Vacation campers, travelers or just stay-at-homes—this is the month everybody seems to be ordering their

CASH'S Woven NAMES

Protect Your Belongings, Too!

Order now, from your dealer or us.
Trial Offer: Send 15c for one dozen of your own first name and sample of NU-SO Cement for attaching without sewing.

CASH'S 49 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn., or 6200 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles, Cal.

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The ideal moccasin for camp! No tools required. Holes already punched. All you need do is assemble the moccasins according to directions. A really high grade moccasin, with rubber sole already stitched on. Leather cuffs, lacing, tie laces, and complete directions.

Only \$1.65 per pair—\$1.35 per pair in dozen lots (West of the Rocky Mts., \$1.40 per pair in dozen lots) Postage is extra. Shipping weight 2 lbs. per pair. Specify shoe size in ordering.

AMERICAN HANDICRAFTS COMPANY
193 William St. 2124 So. Main St.
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NEW CATALOG OF LOW COST PROJECTS FOR GIRL SCOUTS



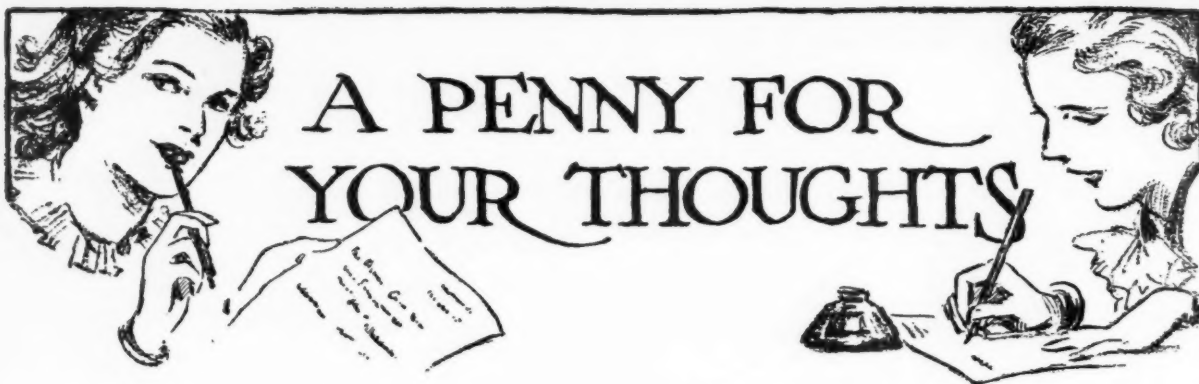
Also raffia, moccasin kits, wood beads, colored wax crayons, leather and all other supplies for campcrafts.

Send for supply catalog; mention scout troop.

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- for Nicoise Hat and Cap, 35c. •
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- cluding directions and methods •
- of braiding, sewing, etc. Sent •
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CONGRATULATIONS, BETTY!

FAIRMONT, WEST VIRGINIA: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since 1934 and I certainly have enjoyed it. My favorite stories are the Bushy stories, and the Midge stories.

I have been a Girl Scout since 1930 and I enjoy the work very much.

One reason for writing this letter was to let the Girl Scouts know that they have a sister and a friend who was lucky enough to win an Emerson Radio in the Camay Soap contest. I am the only person in this locality so far who has won a radio! My parents and brother enjoy the radio as much as I do.

Betty Lu Jorgensen

BOUND VOLUMES

MILANO, ITALY: I have written to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* only once, and it seems so long ago that I think it is time to write again.

As a Christmas present, my father had my copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* bound for me. The cover of the volumes is dark green and the letters are gold. I take ever so good care of them.

Now about the stories and articles. Bushy and Lofty always take the first place. I simply eat up the stories about them. *Wherefore Art Thou Lofty?* was very good. The Meg and Phyl stories, and the Midge stories are not far behind. *Midge Pinch Hits for Cupid* was exciting. After *Quarry Hill*, I think that *Make-Believe Dog* is the best serial.

Hilda Ripandelli

THE GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA: I am fourteen years old and am in the Low Tenth Grade of Balboa High School. I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for about a year and I've thoroughly enjoyed each issue, especially the serial, *Make-Believe Dog*. I also enjoyed the articles on etiquette.

I decided to write to you for the first time after reading the letter written to you by a Palo Alto girl, published in the April issue. She mentioned the fact of a whale being washed up on the beach. As I live in San Francisco I went out to look at it. The sight was thrilling, and many people took its teeth for souvenirs. Others searched in vain for the ambergris out of which perfume is made.

The biggest topic of conversation in San Francisco to-day is our 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition. Our fair is going to be wonderful. It will be situated on Yerba Buena shoals in the center of San Francisco Bay. It is a man-made island and is called Treasure Island. This exposition is being given in honor of the completion of our

two great bridges, the San Francisco Bay Bridge and the Golden Gate Bridge.

I speak for all of San Francisco when I say that San Francisco is waiting for you and will be delighted if you will come to see our fair and our city!

Lucille Landresse

THE APRIL COVER

MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY: The April issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* was very interesting. Of course I knew it would be excellent, but never dreamed it could be so delightful.

Make-Believe Dog is such an exciting serial that I can hardly wait till next month to read it. And I must mention the articles by Ruth Brindze on food and clothing, too. They are very helpful.

Aladdin's City was an intriguing article and the movie reviews especially interest me. S. Wendell Campbell and Orson Lowell are my favorite illustrators. Another pleasant surprise was the cover. A frog overshadowed by a flower is a very picturesque sight.

Ann Vorholz

MANY THANKS, ETHEL!

SHAMOKIN, PENNSYLVANIA: I want to compliment the Girl Scouts on *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine. It's the best magazine on the market. Thrilling serials, exciting stories, helpful articles, and a page to make you laugh is a splendid combination—and it can't be compared with any other magazine when it comes to illustrations.

The Bushy and Lofty stories are good, but the magazine just couldn't be imagined without *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, *Laugh and Grow Smart*, and *In Step with the Times*. The Ellen Wakefield stories are splendid, too, but no story in our magazine can beat *Make-Believe Dog* which is even more exciting than *Keeper of the Wolves*.

I have hugely enjoyed the adventures of Gil in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for April and I hope there will be many stories about him. The only incomplete thing in the magazine will be the absence of the Betty Bliss stories. Let's give three cheers for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine and for the Girl Scouts who make it possible.

Ethel Haas

SHOPPING FOR MOTHER

AUGUSTA, MAINE: I have been a faithful subscriber to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for three or four years.

Out of the wide variety offered for reading material, I think the Bushy and Lofty stories are the best to be had. There is but one

thing I can possibly think of that would be for the benefit of the magazine. That would be to have more serials.

I have read *Keeper of the Wolves*, the book for which *Make-Believe Dog* is a sequel. I enjoy that type of story because the outdoors interests me immensely.

A Penny for Your Thoughts is very entertaining. In this way I can tell how other girls feel about my favorite magazine.

The articles written by Ruth Brindze are very helpful to me. I sometimes do the shopping for my mother. We also have a small baby in the family that I enjoy taking care of.

Constance Blaisdell

FIRST AID TO YOUNG MARKETERS

SOUTH PORTLAND, MAINE: Although this is the fourth year I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I have remained the "silent reader." As I was reading the April issue, however, I got to thinking that I should show my appreciation to you for making the magazine so interesting.

This month I especially liked Marion Fenners' *Spring Signs in the Sky*. It will come in so handy because our Girl Scout troop is now working on the Star Finder Badge.

As for stories, I've yet to find one I didn't like. This new serial, *Make-Believe Dog*, is so thrilling I can scarcely wait for next month's issue when it will be concluded.

Aladdin's City was so interesting I read it twice, and *This Little Pig Went to Market* is very helpful to those who are starting to do their mother's shopping.

Our new contest on Hobby-Horses sounds very interesting and you might get a letter from me.

Hope E. Emerson

A COOK BOOK PAGE

HUNTINGTON BEACH, CALIFORNIA: In April I will have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a year. I can think of no magazine I like better.

Wouldn't it be fun if we could start a page called *The Cook Book Page*? The girls who take the magazine could send in recipes. I have some that I would like other people to know. They are all recipes that are easy to make.

I like the Midge stories—the one in the April *AMERICAN GIRL* is very good. The story I like best, though, is *Make-Believe Dog*! It's really the best.

The covers are all pretty, but I like the one on the March *AMERICAN GIRL* best of them all.

Jean King

the night, was followed by the squawking of frightened chickens. But by the time Charlotte and Bob could get out to the chicken yard, Zurk was no longer a thing of beauty. He was still a cat, though, badly mauled but alive. He and the ferret rolled and flopped on the ground. He only knew that he must fight to the death.

Bob watched his chance and finished the marauding animal with a blow. Zurk stood up. He felt dizzy.

"A ferret," Bob was exclaiming, "come to get the little chicks! I'd never have believed it, if I hadn't seen it! Your royal Persian taking on a ferret. What a cat! What a cat!"

Charlotte stooped over Zurk, lifted him

in her arms regardless of his battle stains. "Why, Zurk, you grand old thing! I never thought you had it in you. I apologize, Zurk. You're wonderful!"

Lots of places on Zurk's body hurt, but he hardly noticed because his heart was so proud and gay. He was a triumphant warrior, and Charlotte thought him wonderful.

A PLEA FOR THE SKY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

ing. He watches the sky warily when he is, as they say in Massachusetts, "hayin' it." And the sailor could hardly get along without the sky, for it constitutes one-third of his whole world. His ship and his ocean are the other two. He must be alert to every slightest change in the sky, for upon it depends what the ocean is going to do, and, naturally, what his ship is going to do. Thus the sailor and the sky become very intimate friends. I have known retired sea captains too old to go to sea any more, but not too old to read the sky. To them it is like a printed page.

Landscape painters love the sky, with all its whims and variations. I have watched them work—my father was one; they devote their lives to watching attentively as this panorama of the sky goes by. One funny old landscaper, who had rules for nearly everything, said the sky should occupy two-thirds of any outdoor canvas. In the best art work,

rules, I believe, have no place, but I did like the importance this old fellow accorded the sky in his scheme of things. Munnings, the ranking English painter of horses, hounds, and outdoor sports, does marvelous skies, not indispensable equipment in a painter of such subjects as the successful careers of many of them prove, but his extra gift for this distinguishes him far above all his fellows. For in the charm of our outdoors the sky is a very potent item. We see nearly all the large forms against it like a "back drop," as they say in the theater. Mountains, cathedrals, skyscrapers, and trees, which mean so much to us, are dependent upon the sky for much of their beauty. It is hard to think of a tree without the sky against which its silhouette is shown. Miles away we can distinguish the fountain-like elm from the oak, the willow, the tulip, and the pine. We admire the tree, while we somehow give no credit at all to the sky

which makes its character and beauty clear to us. We just accept the sky as a matter of course. I think the sky ought to get a break now and again. City dwellers are proud of their "skyline" and love to talk about it, but while they *say* sky, they *think* buildings.

Fortunately there are all kinds of skies, skies for everybody, for every purpose. That is the finest thing about the sky, its infinite variety, and I am sure it is striving to please and be fair to all of us. Some prefer the night sky with the brilliant stars scattered about, and the Milky Way, those celestial sweepings; others, morning skies; still others, the Italian type of unfecked blue; some, the big, tumbling, sunset-after-the-storm sort. I think I like all kinds best. I never get enough of the sky. My best fun is to lie flat on my back on the summit of a high hill, with all the earth out of sight, and just look up. For then I seem to be up there and a part of it.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

a good breakfast. Two hair seals bobbed and played in the shallow water, heedless of the bounty on their greedy heads. An eagle wheeled overhead, high above the scolding gulls. To port lay La Conte Bay, well guarded by shoal water and an almost enclosing island. Small icebergs floated in stately fashion down the sound, while larger ones stood at the exit of the bay.

The *Brunbild* was cruising closer. The glacier itself could not be seen, but far back in La Conte Bay a giant waterfall came crashing down from some vast snow field thousands of feet up the mountainside. The icebergs were nearer now, curiously shaped, clearest crystal or showing colors from deep blue to amethyst.

The girls watched through half-shut eyes as the fantastic pieces of ice floated by. A fairy castle of vari-colored blues, towered and turreted, moved silently past. A crystal lion and several swans went by. A twenty-foot knight, in deep blue armor, glided serenely toward the crystal palace where, perhaps, his ladylove lay sleeping.

"If we could only go into the bay," breathed Sheila. "It seems as if we *must*!"

The grinding of the winch broke the spell and sent the girls scurrying aft to watch the skipper at the controls, and Leif, hip boots drawn high, canvas gloves pulled over experienced hands that were holding and directing the rope of the huge brailer.

Slowly the trawl came to rest at the surface, alive with squirming sea life. Not alone shrimps, but eels, bull-heads, skates, crabs, coral, and every sort of thing that lives on the shallow floor of the sea.

Sheila drew back, her eyes round with amazement. "My gracious, it makes my skin crawl. *Everything is squirming!* Look—look at that crab!"

The Skipper laughed. "Spider crab—

SHRIMPS ON ICE

that's a small one. When a spider crab is put in the center of a table and his legs drag on the floor on all sides, then that's a crab. They're not edible this time of year, though. May to August's closed season."

Suddenly Sheila screamed. "What's that? That big, flat, awful thing?"

This time both Leif and the skipper laughed.

"If you weren't a cheechako tenderfoot," said the skipper, "you'd know that that's a skate."

All this time the brailer was being lowered by the winch into the trawl and brought to the large open hopper on deck, tipped empty by the well-muscled Leif, and returned for another load. Sheila watched the boy standing bareheaded in the sun, his shirt open at the throat, sleeves rolled shoulder-high.

"He looks like a Viking," she whispered to Connie.

Connie's eyes twinkled. "Don't get romantic. Remember that he loves that 'fresh salt smell'!"

By this time the trawl was almost empty and it was swung over the hopper, tipped, and again dropped into the sea.

The skipper's eyes danced as he handed the girls two pairs of new canvas gloves.

"Here's where you work for your dinner. Everything except the shrimps and flounders go overboard!"

The girls began pulling on the gloves, though Sheila kept her eyes away from the wriggling mass.

"What do we do with the—the flounders?" she asked, casting a fleeting glance at the hopper. "And what is one?"

Connie picked up a flopping flat fellow and tossed him on deck. "There's a flounder, and we do that with him. They're to be ground up for the mink ranch. Minks are very fond of flounders."

Sheila stood for a moment, watching Leif deftly sorting out the aliens, tossing them, squirming, back into the water. Apparently he was not watching, but when she gingerly attempted to pick up a crab by one leg, he reached over and took it from her.

"Amateurs should do it this way—right by the back of the shell. It's more comfortable."

"Oh, but look at this horrible thing! Who could touch that?"

The Skipper came to her rescue. "That's a big bullhead. They wouldn't rate very high in a beauty contest, I admit." He tossed it overboard.

By this time Leif had uncovered the skate and hooked it out for the girls to see. "Looks like a big kite, doesn't it?—and almost as thin as a kite, too."

"Let's throw it back before it dies," said Sheila. "I can see it breathe. Oh, throw it back!" So Leif pushed the big flat fish overboard and they all watched it sail slowly down out of sight, not unlike a kite in its erratic zigzagging.

As each box was filled, the skipper helped move it to the side of the boat after Leif had hosed it down.

"That's to get the oil off. See how they turn from brown to pink after they're washed? They turn from pink to red when they're cooked," he explained. "The boiling vat is right on the dock where we land."

"But look!" Sheila was holding a shrimp with a crooked back, and one with white spots covering it. "These are different."

"There are over thirty different varieties of shrimps right in these waters," explained Leif as if he enjoyed talking. "That crooked fellow is a 'humpy' and the spotted one is known as a 'spot.' Spots are a larger variety and are not so numerous. We get more 'Californias' here than any other kind."

The girls went on working, though Sheila refused to touch an eel after the first one had wriggled out of (Continued on page 49)



Latch and Grow Scout

Coded

John Jones had just finished studying the writing of telegrams at school. While away from home he sent this telegram to his mother:

"S. O. S., B. V. D's, P. D. Q., C. O. D. J. J."

—Sent by JUANITA DAVIS, Lovington, New Mexico.

Fresh Thing!

Annoyed at the incessant conversation of two women in front of him at the movies, a man leaned forward and tapped one of them on the shoulder. "Pardon me," he said, "but I can't hear a word."

"Well," snapped the woman, "what we are talking about is none of your business!"—Sent by SUE ANN WARNKE, Toledo, Ohio.

She Knew What She Wanted

An old colored woman sent for a fire insurance agent, who asked what she wanted the insurance for. She replied, "Ah wants de insurance on mah husband."

"On your husband?" questioned the agent. "Well, then, you want life insurance."

"No, Ah don't," replied the determined old woman. "Ah wants fire insurance—beca'se ebery time Ah gits him a job, he gits fired."—Sent by ROSEMARY P. SHEEHAN, Landenberg, Pennsylvania.

Hoo, Hoo!



ENGLISHMAN: What's that bloomin' noise I hear outside this time o' night?

AMERICAN: Why, that's an owl.

ENGLISHMAN: Of course it is, but 'o's 'owl-ing?—Sent by RUTH ELAINE KRESS, Woodlake, California.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



Wasted

JUDGE: The police say that you and your wife had some words.

PRISONER: Well, I had some, but I didn't get a chance to use them.—Sent by BEVERLY GRANT, Midland, Michigan.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

will eat almost anything, but don't put yourself out.—Sent by MARILYN TITUS, Evanston, Illinois.

Salesmanship



SALESWOMAN (showing bathing suit to a fat woman): I assure you, Madam, this is just the costume for you. We're selling it for a ridiculous figure.—Sent by URSULA KAHLE, Hollywood, California.

Alas!

FATHER: Well, son, how are your marks?

SON: They're under water.

FATHER: What do you mean?

SON: Below "C" level.—Sent by KATHRYN M. REYNOLDS, Trenton, Missouri.

You Never Can Tell

HUSBAND: Do you know, honey, if I had to do it all over again, whom I'd marry?

WIFE: No, whom?

HUSBAND: You.

WIFE: Oh, no, you wouldn't!—Sent by NANCY PRATT, Butte, Montana.

What—Another?

POLITICIAN: Now, ladies and gentlemen, I want to tax your memory—

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Good night! Has it come to that?—Sent by MARGARET LIECHTY, Youngstown, Ohio.

Please Don't

He was considerably puzzled as to what to do about the cat when he went on his vacation. Finally he hit upon a bright idea. He left the following note under his neighbor's door:

"Dear Mr. Jones: Would you please put out a little food each day for my cat? He

"MY FILM COSTS ONLY 10¢"



"—and I get perfect pictures."

UniveX guaranteed cameras from 50c up. At all dealers.

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SELL PRISCILLA KNITTING AND CROCHET COTTON To Your Friends

And Earn Money for Your TROOP TREASURY

Write LYSETH THREAD COMPANY Worcester, Mass.

It's NEVER too late

★ to mount a HOBBY-HORSE ★

BUT after July first it will be too late to tell us about it! If you want to win a **TEN DOLLAR PRIZE**, or any of the other **TWELVE CASH PRIZES**, you'll have to get busy and write us about your hobby-horse before the end of this month.

Just in case you didn't see the April announcement, a first prize of **TEN DOLLARS** will be paid for the best letter of not less than three hundred and not more than five hundred words, in which you tell how you became interested in some hobby through reading THE AMERICAN GIRL, how you developed that hobby, and what the hobby means to you.

For the next best letter, we will pay **FIVE DOLLARS**; for the third best, **THREE DOLLARS**; and for the ten letters receiving Honorable Mention, **ONE DOLLAR** each.

Many interesting letters have been coming in on all sorts of hobbies—photography, art, gardening, sewing, stamp collecting, marionettes, writing, reading, astronomy, geology, shopping, fashion designing, cooking, modeling in clay, making pottery, wood carving, taking bike hikes, etc. There must be lots of you who have hobbies we haven't heard about yet. Please take your pen in hand to-day and tell us all! It isn't every day, you know, that you can make a possible convert to your own hobby and, perhaps, win a cash prize while doing it!

Rules:

Write your letters in ink, or type them, using only one side of the paper.

Put your name, street address, city, and State in the upper right-hand corner of your letter, and the number of years you have been reading THE AMERICAN GIRL. Include also your age, and if you are a Girl Scout, your troop number.

Mail your letters on, or before, July 1, 1938 to the Hobby-Horse Contest Editor, The American Girl, 14 West 49th Street, New York City.

The Judges of the Hobby-Horse Contest will be: Chester Marsh, Arts and Crafts Adviser, Girl Scouts, Inc., Marion F. Galvin, Program Division, Girl Scouts, Inc., and Elizabeth Honness, Managing Editor, The American Girl.

purple and blue stamp pictures the grapefruit industry.

As long ago as 1638 settlers were attracted to the Mosquito coast, upon which British Honduras is situated, by the prolific growth of the mahogany and logwood to be found there. For the last two centuries mahogany has been the chief export of the colony and, for many years, timber has been the commercial mainstay of British Honduras. On the ten-cent brown and green stamp the design shows trees being floated down the Belize River to be squared

and treated for export when they reach the capital. Another timber scene is pictured on the two-dollar brown and blue value.

Sergeant's Cay, a small island about ten miles to the westward of Belize, which is a favorite bathing and fishing resort for the colonists, is the subject of the fifteen-cent brown and blue value.

The twenty-five-cent green and blue is especially interesting. There are very few roads in the colony; waterways are used instead, and practically all of the mails are carried by

small mail boats which operate on most of the routes. To some of the outlying places the little native "dories" shown on the twenty-five-cent stamp are used.

The one-dollar olive and red stamp shows the court house at Belize—one of the several very fine public buildings in this city. The high value is a five-dollar stamp in brown and red where the arms of the colony are shown directly beneath the King's portrait. These were assigned to the colony by royal warrant on January 28, 1907.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

her hands and had slithered across her feet. "Anything but bullheads and those awful eels," she said. Later she added flounders to her list, when one flapped her in the face.

Connie stopped to pull a sharp pink spike out of her hand.

"Shrimps look helpless, but they have a good jab in that sharp weapon they carry in the middle of their foreheads," she said.

Leif spoke quickly. "Have to be careful about those cuts. Sometimes they kick up quite a bit of trouble. We'll put some disinfectant on it when we're through. Well, I guess this haul is finished. Six boxes is pretty good. We should be through early."

The girls smiled at each other. Convention forbade them to ask the skipper if he would attempt taking them through the dangerous portal of La Conte Bay, but being through early was one step in the right direction.

For the next four hours the entire personnel of the good ship *Brunbild* was busy; four times the trawl was lifted, the girls sorting valiantly. They helped get and then eat the hearty noon meal, going back to their job each time the hopper was filled. By two o'clock every box was full, and Leif had finished hosing down the deck, making everything shipshape.

The girls were up in the wheelhouse, listening to the skipper tell about extra special delicacies that the Norwegian women had invented.

"But of all the shrimp recipes I've tried, I like this one best. I've made it so much it goes by the name of 'Skipper Sandwiches'. Want to hear it?" He laughed. "You'd think I'd get tired of the stuff, but I don't."

Sheila wrote, her paper against the glass of the wheelhouse, as the skipper dictated.

SHRIMPS ON ICE

Skipper Sandwiches

1 pound or more cooked shrimps

¼ pound butter

½ cup thick cream

Salt, paprika, mustard, or Worcester-shire sauce

Graham bread

White bread

Grind the shrimps through the meat grinder. Put in the butter and mix her up. Then add the cream, and do it slow. Season it, put it on the bread, and there you are!

The skipper was idling the wheel as he talked. Ahead the bergs could be seen, going into La Conte Bay with the rising tide.

"Do you know," he mused, "this would be a good day to try the bay? I promised the folks I'd take home some ice."

He took down one of the maps, rolled and stuck through the slats overhead. "This is sure a ticklish bay," he said as he spread the map before him. "Only one place deep enough for anything but a rowboat. Think we'll head for that little stream—that's the spot; then we'll try to get inside the shoal and work back."

By this time Leif had joined them, and no word was spoken as the skipper carefully piloted the boat at half speed toward the entrance. His keen eye kept gauging the distance to shore and comparing it with the Geodetic Survey map. Finally, at the exact spot where the stream had carved out a path under the shallow water, he turned the wheel sharply to starboard.

"If the map's right, we're on the inside," he said, "and my guess is that it's right."

Slowly the boat nosed her way through the inlet—and was suddenly in another world!

HAPPY ACRES

She always got upset at mention of Mrs. Dittmar's wanting to adopt Dakie so as to "give him every musical advantage."

"Don't worry about it, Chatty," Martha scolded. "You know what Father told her."

Their father had been pleasant but firm to the leader of Antelope society. "Only over my dead body," he had smiled, "will the children ever be separated."

Chatty and Hank were crowded onto the seat with Tommy Tucker, and Dakie sat on the floor at their feet. Suddenly Chatty let out a warning shriek. "Look out—grab your ice cream, everybody!" And Tommy cried indignantly, "Don't hurt him—he wants some ice cream, too. Don't you hurt my nice Samuel!"

A very small and excited toad was hopping vigorously about, barely missing the dishes of ice cream. Tommy did tip his over, he was so anxious to protect his little Samuel. It wasn't until Dakie caught him and Martha

found a match box and Tommy put his little Samuel to bed in it, that order was restored.

Chatty ate her nightingale without much pause to admire it. "We had soup for supper," she explained to Hank, "and you never can be sure which is Mrs. Gunnage's soup and which is dishwasher."

"We have such finicky stuff at our house," lamented Hank. "Never anything in its natural state. Now why can't you have chicken that's chicken, instead of having it creamed in patty shells, or in a fancy salad, or served on toast points, or hashed up in croquettes? Next time I come out, Chatty, I'll bring some steak and we'll cook it over a camp fire."

He left shortly after that, leaving them to the wind and their weary watching. It was past midnight when he went. This time it took but a few squeaks of the rocker before Tom-

The bay was like a rounded cup, the sheer mountains forming the sides. The water was unrippled, placidly holding great masses of ice, some of them close to fifty feet in height. The blues and purples of their colorings were breath-taking. Fantastically formed, they stood in dignified silence, moving only with the breathing tide. The skipper stopped the engine at a respectful distance.

"Mustn't get too close to those babies," he said. "Once in a while one takes a notion to turn over. Four-fifths is under water, so you can see what a splash there'd be."

With the engine stilled, the illusion of unreality was complete. Toward the head of the bay the bergs became more numerous and finally closed in a solid wall. A jutting point hid the glacier's face.

Slowly the pigmy boat drifted along, keeping abreast of the ice, always toward the head of the bay. Twice a report, sharp as a pistol shot, told of a crack and lunge as some ice giant fell. The skipper kept the boat in the clear, his hand on the wheel, his black eyes alert. A wide ice pan floated close.

"Can you gaff it?"

Leif succeeded in getting a rope under the shallow pan, and, with the help of the winch, he placed it on top of the day's catch.

With an ever watchful eye on the tide, the skipper finally turned the boat and headed carefully out of the bay and toward home.

Sheila's eyes swept the forests that would never be cut, the giant waterfalls with their tremendous unused power, the tons of floating ice, the full load of shrimps trawled in such a short time. "Nature's a spendthrift," she murmured.

Connie answered, "It must be hard for a city girl to get used to seeing everything done on such a big scale." Then she laughed, as if afraid their talk was getting too serious. "And I'll wager that, before to-day, you couldn't even bait your hook!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

my Tucker's heavy eyes closed. Dakie's eyes were heavy, too. He said, "We can let the cherry tree bloom this year—Mother said the third year it could."

Into Martha's thoughts pushed the one that had come so often lately. Had their mother suspected that she would not be with them long? Was that why she had hurried to get the house fixed up, why she had said so often to Martha and Father—well, to all of them—"Now remember—"? When they bought the cow, Pearl, with the spotted heifer calf, Mother had said, "And the calf is of good stock, Martha. Remember that, and keep her for a cow." She had found a rusted horse-shoe and hung it over the entry door. "We'll call it a shield of happiness. Remember that happiness doesn't mean good times. Sorrow and happiness sometimes go side by side."

Another excited clatter of Chatty's crutches and she said, "That's Father now. If that isn't a truck, I'll eat it!" and almost simultaneously the door was pushed open by a lean man with keen eyes and swift movements.

He was blowing on his hands as he came into the room of dying fire and flickering lamps and drowsy, tired watchers. But, with his entrance, the very room, as well as every one in it, seemed to quicken with life.

"Well, well, did you think I'd never get here?" he said.

Martha stood up, her eyes resting on him, waiting to catch the warm flash of his smile. "Did you get the sheep?" Chatty asked.

He put his arm around her, and Chatty's face, thin and brown and tense as his own, was suffused with the glowing happiness she always felt with him.

"Just wait till you see those sheep, my lady. Martha, can you wipe the smoke off this lantern chimney—that's it. Come on, all of you, and see the sheep."

Dakie's eyes which had drowsed heavily a minute ago were shining now. Tommy Tucker awakened and clung to Martha. She had to carry him as they trooped after Father.

The truck belonged to their neighbor on the east, Fred Schef, who had driven to Denver with Father. He was out of the truck now, looking about for something.

"Where is that loading plank with the cross pieces nailed onto it?" he asked loudly.

Dakie ran to get it. Father drove the truck through the wide gate of the corral, with a deft flourish swung it about until the back of the truck was at the open door of the shed.

Martha put Tommy Tucker down and helped Fred Schef place the plank at the back of the truck. Her father prodded the sheep gently. "Move on—move on. You're home now."

The nervous clatter of small hoofs—a

thick, bewildered bleat—and down the plank came first a black ram with heavy, low-hanging fleece and horns somewhat resembling a snail shell curled close to his head; and after him came five ewes with thin black faces and gentle eyes.

Their father held the lantern high so that its light fell on the creatures huddled in the shed. "There! Did you ever see anything half so handsome?"

"I never saw anything like them before," Martha breathed. "Are they sheep?"

"Karakul sheep," he said. "Blue ribbon ones at that." He patted the woolly head of the ram as he brushed against him. "This is Damascus II. They're all gentle as lambs."

"Where are their lambs?" Chatty asked.

"They'll lamb most any day," her father said. "That's why we had to take it slow and easy. They stood it fine, didn't they, Shef?"

"Fine," Fred Schef admitted. "Where's the pitchfork? I'll put in straw for bedding. And they're gaunt with thirst, too."

Martha felt the superiority and condemnation in his voice. The Schefs were the efficient, practical kind. His tone said, "I believe in doing the work there is to do, instead of standing around rhapsodizing." He forked in straw for bedding and the dry dustiness of it filled the air.

Fred Schef was in his middle twenties; he was stocky and broad-shouldered and ruddy-faced. He always talked loudly—all the Schefs did. Martha excused it to Dakie and Chatty by explaining that Fred's father was deaf and they had formed the habit of yelling.

He asked Martha now, "Have you got a pail for watering them?" The others scarcely heard him—they were gathered around the big ram, Damascus II, and Chatty's thin hands followed the horns curled tight to his head.

Martha answered, "Yes, we have a big wooden pail. Wait, and I'll go with you."

She found the large wooden bucket, went

with him while he pumped it full and strode back with it toward the barn, its weight scarcely sagging his broad shoulders. As they went through the small corral gate, Martha said, "They're beautiful sheep, aren't they?"

"Oh, they're good to look at," he admitted. "Your father just swallowed everything this breeder told him about how he could sell them for breeding purposes, and what valuable hides they had. I think he was an easy mark to fork over so much money for them—even if they are pure bred."

"Did they cost an awful lot?" she asked. "More than he'll ever get out of them. It'd be different if he was going to be here to tend them."

"Oh, but he is! He is going to be here. He's planning on selling his plane the first of June—he has a buyer for it already. That's why he got the sheep. He's going to be here. Yes, he's going to be here—" But her heart felt like the sack Hank told about with its bottom dropped out—she was only repeating, "He is going to stay," to reassure herself. Then she looked into the stolid face of Fred Schef. "Where is he going?" she asked.

"He's going to fly to Dutch Guiana," he told her, in the same tone as though he'd said, "He's going to fly to the moon."

Martha took a weak step inside the wind-swept corral, then stopped. A tumbleweed, whipped up from the corner, swept toward her like a scuttling furry animal. The gate, which she hadn't fastened securely, slapped open, slapped shut. Pearl's calf bawled mournfully. Suddenly the world seemed all wind and worry and discord. Yet, under it all, she knew a fierce and tender loyalty to her father, and resentment that Fred Schef should speak of him with criticism. She managed to hide her desolation with casual dignity. "He won't be gone very long. If he's flying, it'll be a quick trip."

(To be continued)

MIDGE RINGS *the* BELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

"Here, come back! Take these clocks," called Mr. Bates.

In a blur of confusion she picked them up and made her way slowly upstairs. Her three friends awaited her at the door of her room. She pushed the clocks toward them, and hurried downstairs again, explaining, "Please—I want to be alone."

Out on the porch she paced up and down, up and down. A car drew up at the curb. Some one jumped out and thumped up the steps. "Votes counted yet?"

"Oh, Tin, if you knew! If you only knew!" Buried sobs worked to the surface as she related the episode.

"Some day you'll laugh about the whole thing," he told her seriously.

"Never."

"Of course your goose is cooked for the scholarship?"

"Of course."

"You certainly were a good sport, Midge. But say, must you always be risking your neck?"

"It wasn't any risk," she contradicted dully. "Merely a good test of the fire rope. Guess I'll go to bed. 'Night, Tin."

"'Night, Midge."

She went in and was immediately captured by Cabbage, Una, and Sprat who trailed her to her room.

"Tell us everything," begged Una. "We're

all involved in it just as much as you are."

"You're none of you in the least involved," insisted Midge.

"You don't suppose we'd any of us take the scholarship without admitting our guilt, do you?" demanded Sprat.

"It'll go to Honey," mourned Cabbage. "The tables sure are turned."

THEY sat for a long time in gloom, unwilling to separate and bear their misery alone. The head mistress interrupted a lengthy silence with a brisk knock, and the sight of her did nothing to lessen their depression.

"I want to see your fire escape, Midge." "You know what's happened, Miss McGill?"

Miss McGill nodded cheerfully. "I'm afraid I do. Tut, tut, Midge, it would have to be you!" Her interest was transferred to the fire box and after a careful inspection she called out of the window, "Pull!"

Nothing happened.

"Will you come down to the office with me, please, Midge. The trustees want to see you."

"Again?" lamented the girl. What now? Would they expel her?

There they stood, in Miss McGill's office, the three trustees. And Tin was with them.

Mr. Hamilton stepped forward, hand extended.

"I want to apologize, Midge. I was over-hasty. My son tells me you couldn't help eavesdropping."

"Oh, you didn't think I wanted to, did you?" she groaned.

"I guess we were too surprised to do much thinking," admitted the fat trustee.

"We understand," said Mr. Bates with a twinkle in his eye, "that you had come to the end of your rope."

"That's correct," chimed in Miss McGill smiling.

"Obviously the fire ropes were measured for the front of the school, not the rear," went on Mr. Bates.

"And if it hadn't been for you, Midge, a dozen pupils might have been burned to a crisp," interrupted Tin.

"We hope not," tempered Mr. Bates. "However, as your young friend points out, you have helped us correct a gross carelessness."

"Could you tell her—you know—to-night, Mr. Bates?" coaxed Miss McGill.

Mr. Bates raised a warning forefinger at Midge. "Remember, this is a profound secret until to-morrow." He cleared his throat and extended his hand. "I am about to shake hands with the winner of the Mary Shennstone Porter scholarship. Midge Bennett, in our judgment, we consider you have done the most for Duncan Hall."

Tempus Fugit

JEAN dropped her evening cape on her chum's bed. "Thought I'd come over and go to the concert with you," she said. "Mother backed out at the last moment because Dad came home with a headache."

"That's grand!" Joan tucked a red-gold curl behind her ear. "I don't mean grand about your father's headache, but that you're going with us."

"What time is it, anyway?" asked Jean. "Mother says it's not at all smart to be late when there's music. She says it's just ill-bred."

Joan glanced at the clock on her dressing table. "It's only a quarter before eight. The concert's at eight-thirty and it takes ten minutes to get to the Woman's Club. We'd have time to read a story in the July *AMERICAN GIRL*."



● "So we would," agreed Jean. "There are five stories in this number, too." She rummaged about her friend's desk. "Here's the magazine. I read that lovely historical story, *Betsy Dowdy's Ride*, by Ellis Credle first thing. Did you realize that the illustrations for it are photographs taken by Miss Credle's husband, Charles Townsend? They live in North Carolina, and the pictures were taken on the sand banks of Roanoke Island where Betsy took her ride. The pony is a real "Banker pony" like the one in the story. Miss Credle had the correct costumes, and everything."

"Isn't that exciting!" said Joan. "It interests me particularly because I'm so keen on photography. Miss Credle wrote and illustrated those adorable books for children, *Down, Down the Mountain*, *Little Jeems Henry*, and *Pepe and the Parrott*, you know. She's a new author for our magazine—and so is Neola Tracy Lane who wrote *The Loops of Kager*. That story has a most original plot! Alice Caddy is a new

illustrator for us, too. She's the wife of Ben Lucien Burman who wrote *Steamboat Round the Bend* and *Blow for a Landing*, the book that's having such good reviews now. She illustrated both books—I heard Mother and Mrs. Carman talking about it this afternoon."

● "Her sketches are nice," agreed Jean. "Delicate, but full of character." She added, "I enjoyed Emma-Lindsay Squier's article, *If You Were a Mexican Girl*—and those photographs by John Bransby, Miss Squier's husband, are simply stunning!"

"They certainly are!" Joan said emphatically. "I'm always impressed by the fun those two must have, knocking about in interesting places getting material for articles and pictures."

"The second installment of *Happy Acres* by Lenora Mattingly Weber was terribly interesting, too," Jean went on, turning the pages. "I'd planned to read it with

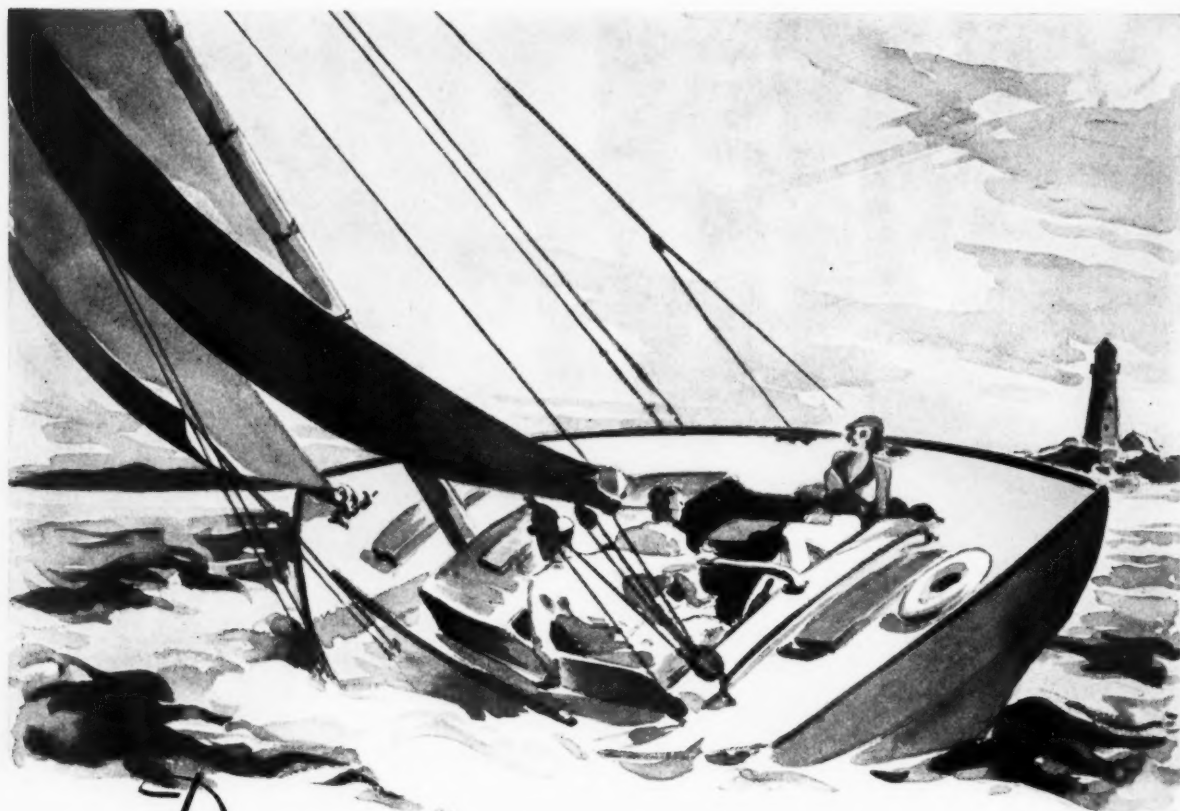
you, but I simply couldn't wait."

Her chum reached for the magazine. "There's a Beatrice Pierce article, *Suit Your Flowers to Your House*, that looks inviting. And here's one on vegetable puppets—it sounds as if it might be a lot of fun to make them."

"Did you notice that there's a new story by John F. Hayes, *The Best Is for Elizabeth*?" asked Jean. "And a new Lucy Ellen story? Which shall we read first?"

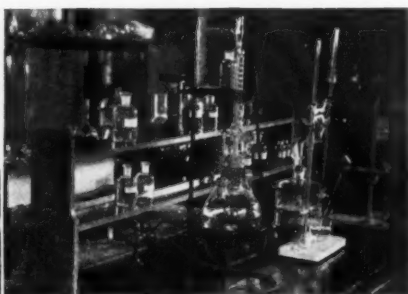
Joan's eyes traveled to the little gilt clock on the dressing table. "Goodness, Jinny! It's eight-twenty! We'll have to hustle, or we'll be late to the concert after all!"

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